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SUMMER

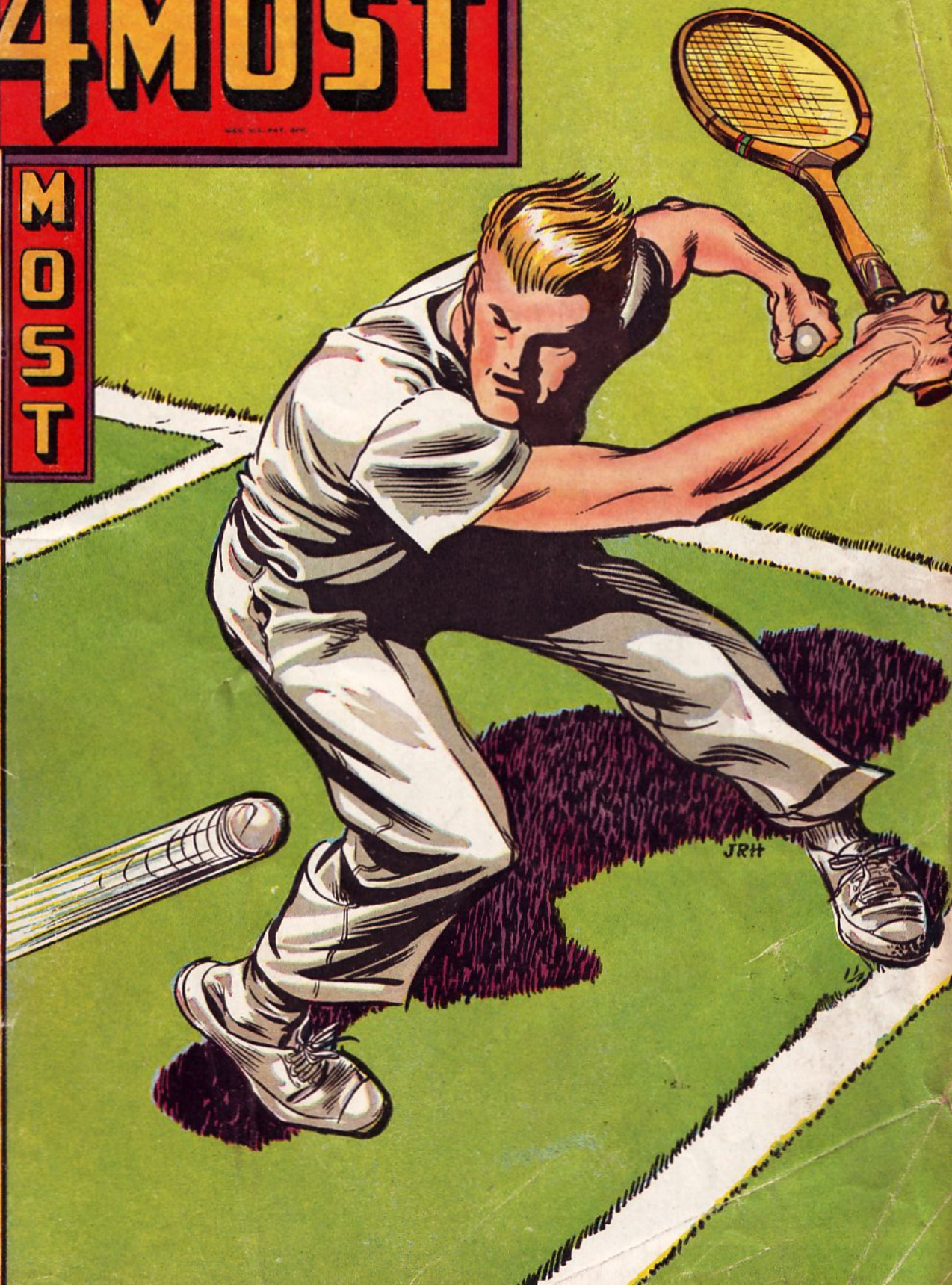
SUMMER

10¢

VOL. 6 — NO. 3

4MOST

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WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

How the letters have poured in with comments on "Grover and Bonnie" as the 4thMOST popular strip for this magazine! You'll see some of the letters over there in THE READERS WRITE columns. Of the many letters we received, most of them vote for "Grover and Bonnie" to remain as a permanent feature in 4MOST with Dick Cole, Kit Carter, and Eddie Bell.

You readers who like "Candid Charlie," "Dan'l Flannel," and "Target and Targeteers" better than "Grover and Bonnie" had better put pen to paper and let us know right away!

To top it all, we may have to add another choice to our list for the 4thMOST spot! Remember in the Spring issue we introduced another new character "Lem the Grem." Letters are coming in now about Lem. If he's as popular right off as Grover and Bonnie Clump, the decision will be harder than ever.

"Grover and Bonnie" are back in this issue. Read about their second adventure then send us your final vote. Remember, you readers are the ones to decide. Are the Clumps here to stay, or do you vote for one of the other strips?

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have reasons to believe that "Grover and Bonnie" should become the fourth spot in 4MOST. My reasons are: 1) The plots are comical. 2) The artwork of Jack Callahan is neat and attractive. 3) The personalities of this couple are outstanding and enjoyable to the reader.

I also like the Q's and A's and "Edison Bell", because one can gain quite a bit of useful and inventive knowledge from these two.

One of your most devoted readers,
Myron Lee Nesler
Mt. Vernon, Indiana

Thank you for your carefully thought out comments on "Grover and Bonnie", Myron.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Your new comic strip "Grover and Bonnie" isn't, in my opinion, worthwhile in such a good comic book. My choice for the number 4 spot is "Candid Charlie," which is by far the best strip I ever read. "Dan'l Flannel" and "Targeteers" don't rank with "Candid Charlie."

I would kneel, beg, and pray if that would do any good in deciding the number 4 comic story in favor of "Candid Charlie."

Hypnotized by 4MOST
Richard Meissner
Stone Ridge, N. Y.

Well, Richard, you had better be the captain of the "Candid Charlie" rooters, but you'll need more reader support. The "Candid Charlie" fans aren't writing as many letters as the "Grover and Bonnie" fans.

* * *

Dear Editors:

When I read my 4MOST comic, I saw the request that we write you about "Grover and Bonnie."

I have found that it is a good story and would like to read it more often. I like 4MOST best of all comics, and with the addition of "Grover and Bonnie" it is better still. It is the story all of us possibly have been waiting for. It is very

worthy of being the fourth spot and is very much better than the others that are listed.

Sincerely yours,
Claretta Thosenfelth
Muskegon, Michigan

"Grover and Bonnie" seem to be "solid" in your opinion, eh, Claretta?

* * *

Dear Editors:

Your magazine is tops with me and with all my friends. I don't believe any other is as good.

In reply to your open letter in the Winter issue, I would like to state that "Grover and Bonnie" are my choice to stay. This opinion is based on the fact that your other stories such as "Cadet," "Dick Cole," etc. are exciting and thoroughly interesting, but for a change "Grover and Bonnie" are both interesting and funny. In regard to "Candid Charlie" and "Dan'l Flannel," I think they are out. Most of the time they do the impossible and it seems very silly.

A permanent reader,
P. A. Salvatore
Trenton, New Jersey

We guess that P. A. Salvatore and Richard Meissner could work up a good debate on "Candid Charlie" versus "Grover and Bonnie."

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think that the story of "Grover and Bonnie" would be a very good one to publish in your book 4MOST for it is on the funny side and puts more interest into the book.

I think that it is worthy of the "four spot." "Candid Charlie" and "Dan'l Flannel" and "Targeteers" are good but "Grover and Bonnie" is and will be more popular.

Sincerely,
Joyce Moore
Poughkeepsie, New York

Another vote for "Grover and Bonnie!" And these are just a few of many more votes we have received for the Clump couple.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



ART BY JIM WILCOX

DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNÖ VISIT THE CENTERVIEW TENNIS CLUB TO SEE AN EXHIBITION MATCH FEATURING THOMAS CHOPP, EX-CHAMPION.

SAY, WHAT'S HOLDING UP THIS CHOPP-MARTIN MATCH? IT SHOULD HAVE STARTED FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO!

CHOPP WAS A GREAT PLAYER FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. I WONDER WHY HE'S BACK IN COMPETITION?

MAYBE HE WANTS PUBLICITY FOR THAT NEW SPORTING-GOODS STORE HE JUST OPENED IN CENTERVIEW, DICK.

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager

Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

MR. PORTER, HEAD OF THE TENNIS CLUB, MAKES A DISAPPOINTING ANNOUNCEMENT.

I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT WILLIAM MARTIN HAS BEEN TAKEN ILL AND WILL BE UNABLE TO COMPETE.

SHUCKS! I WANTED TO SEE CHOPP PLAY!

ME, TOO! HE USED TO BE A WHIZ!

HOWEVER, WE STILL HOPE TO OFFER AN INTERESTING MATCH. I UNDERSTAND RICHARD COLE OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IS IN THE STANDS. WILL HE PLEASE COME FORWARD?

HERE HE IS, SIR!

I DON'T GET IT!

AH, MISTER COLE!

I'VE HEARD YOU ARE FARR'S OUTSTANDING ALL-AROUND ATHLETE. IF YOUR VERSATILITY EXTENDS TO TENNIS, YOU COULD DO US A GREAT FAVOR BY FILLING IN FOR MR. MARTIN.

PLEASE! MR. CHOPP IS ANXIOUS FOR A MATCH.. AND SO IS THE CROWD!

GO AHEAD, DICK!

WELL, OKAY. BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF IT'S A RUNAWAY!

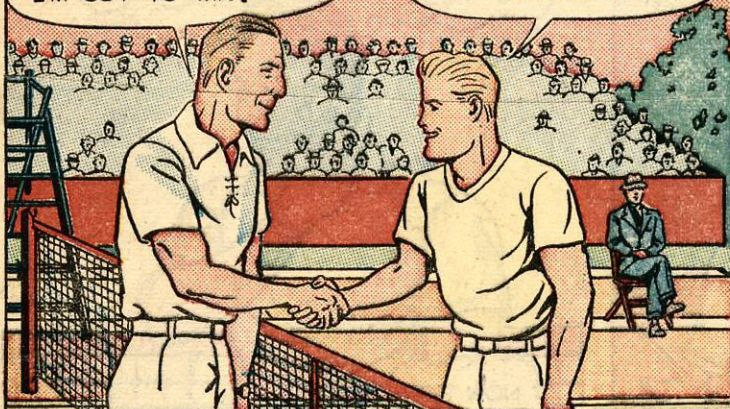
GOSH!

SOON, IN BORROWED CLOTHES, DICK IS READY TO MEET HIS FAMOUS OPPONENT.

THANKS FOR FILLING IN, KID... BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO TAKE IT EASY! I'M OUT TO WIN!

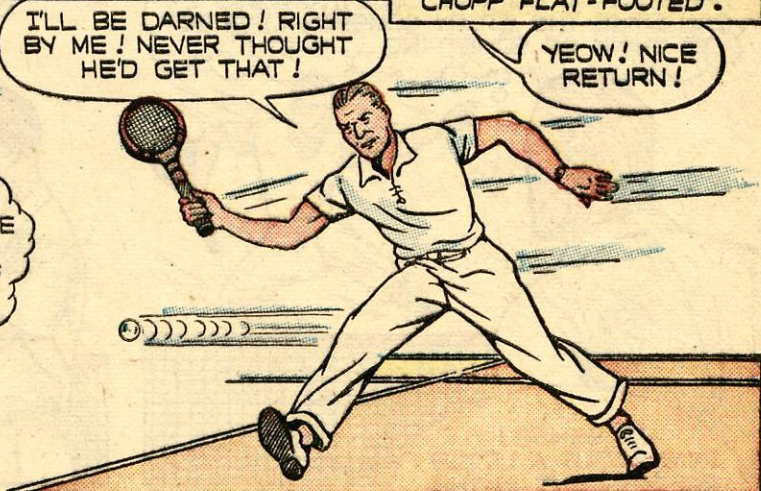
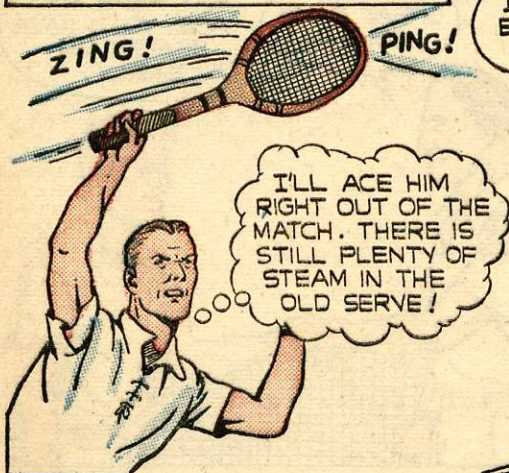
THAT SUITS ME, MR. CHOPP. I'LL BE TRYING MY HARDEST, TOO!

I'M GLAD I GOT THIS KID. HE SHOULD BE EVEN MORE OF A SETUP THAN MARTIN... AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE!

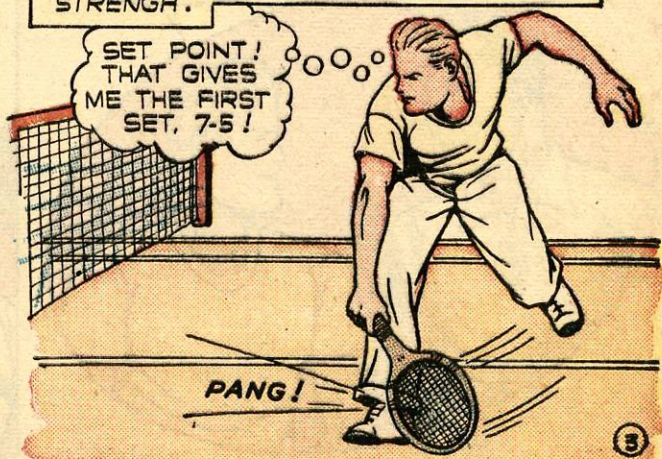
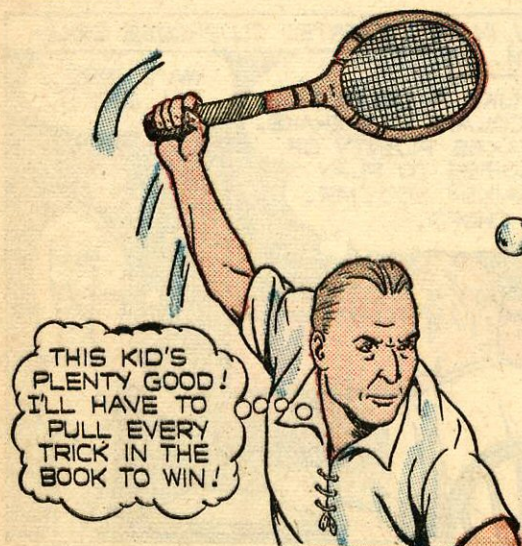


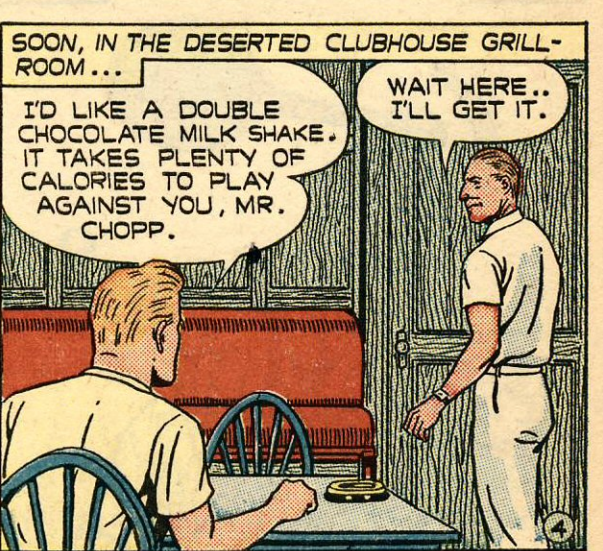
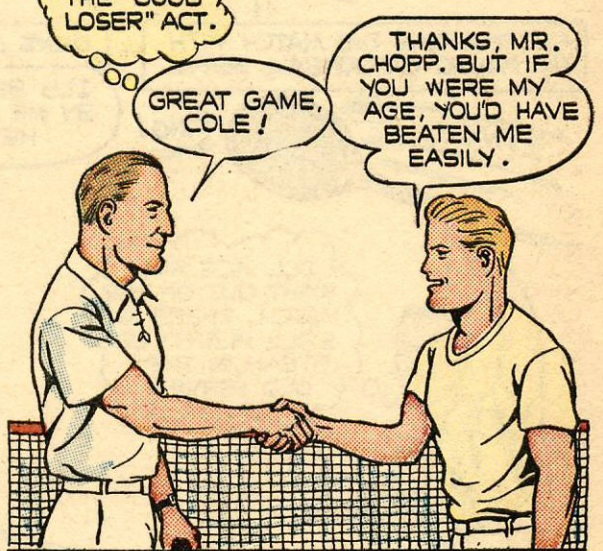
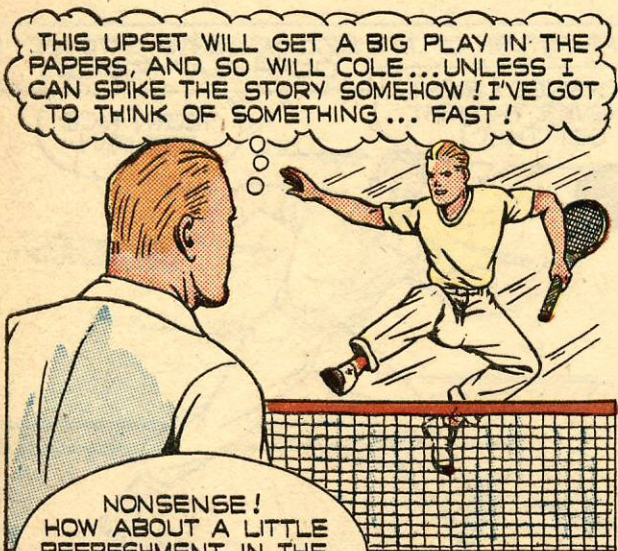
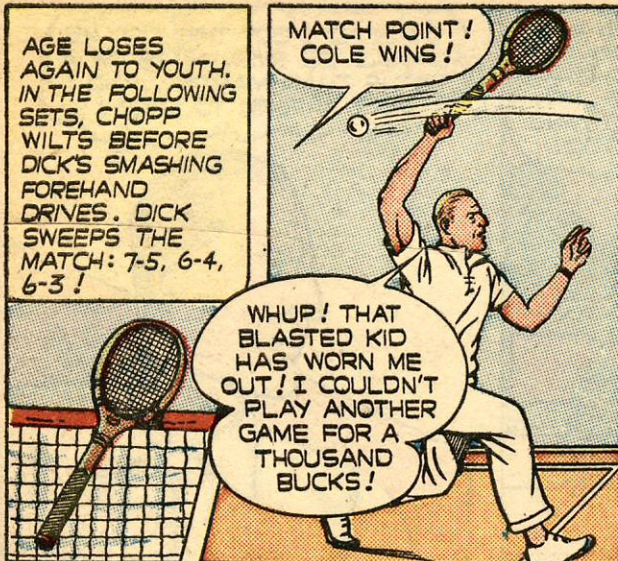
CHOPP OPENS THE MATCH WITH HIS FAMED CANNONBALL SERVE.

DICK'S DEFT RETURN OF THE SIZZLING SERVE CATCHES CHOPP FLAT-FOOTED.



BUT CHOPP'S TRICKS FAIL TO COUNTER-BALANCE DICK'S SUPERIOR SPEED AND STRENGTH.





SEVERAL
MINUTES
PASS...

MMM...BRING
ON THOSE MILK
SHAKES. I'M DRY
AS A BONE.

TOO BAD, COLE, BUT I'VE GOT A WIFE
AND KID DEPENDING ON MY STORE!
AND I HATE TO BE BEATEN!

THOC!

OW!

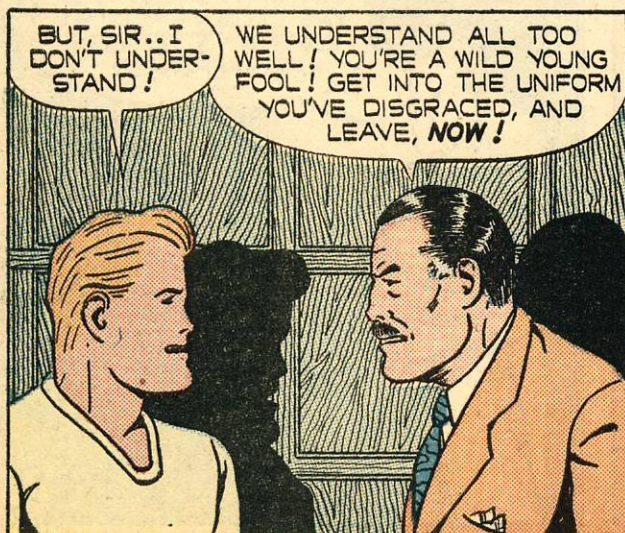
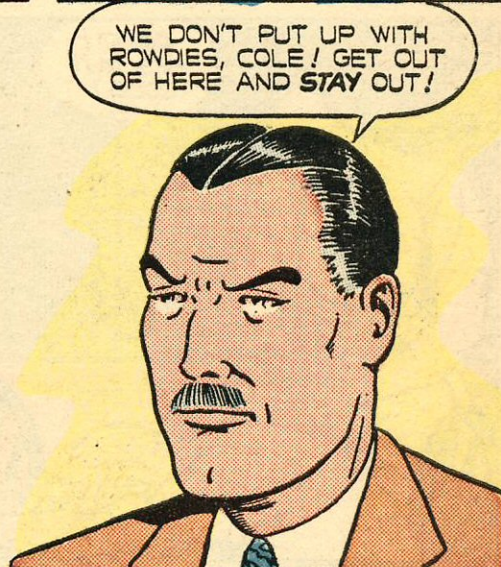
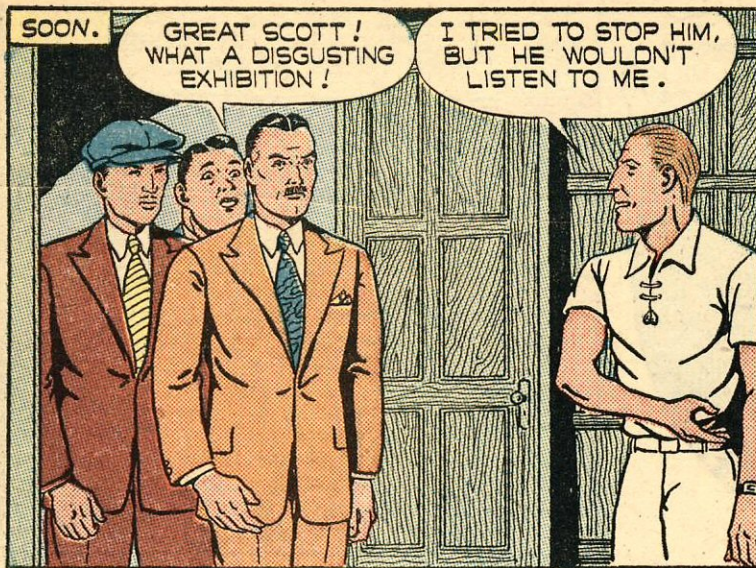
GOOD!
HE'S OUT
COLD!

CHOPP MAKES A SHAMBLES OF THE ROOM.

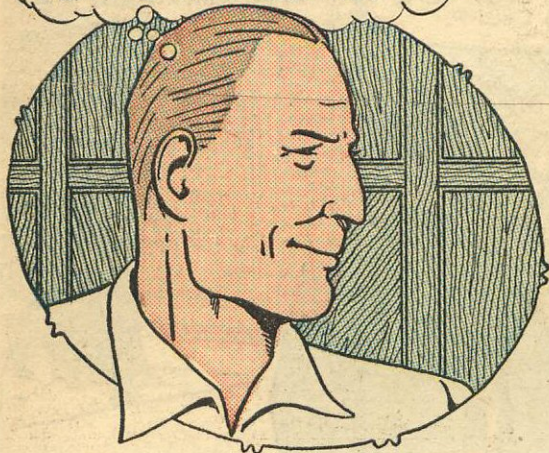
SMAC!

THERE! THAT'S
THE FINISHING
TOUCH IN THIS
LITTLE SCENE!

QUICK, WAITER!
GET MR. PORTER AND
THE CLUB OFFICIALS!
SOMETHING TERRIBLE
HAS HAPPENED!



HA! IT WORKED PERFECTLY!
COLE IS SMEARED NOW... BUT
GOOD! THE PAPERS WON'T EVER
HEAR HE TROUNCED ME!



APPEARANCES ARE
DECEIVING! COLE SEEMED
LIKE A NICE CHAP, BUT
HE MUST HAVE ACTED
LIKE A WILD MAN!

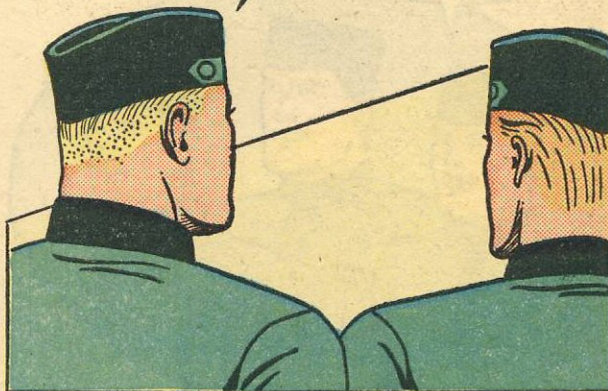
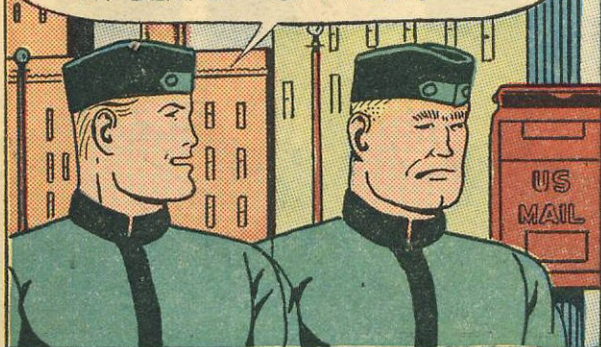
YES. PITY, ISN'T IT?
NOW I MUST GET
BACK TO THE STORE.
DROP IN, WON'T YOU?



IT LOOKS BAD, DICK!
WHEN MAJOR FARR HEARS
PORTER'S STORY, HE'LL
PROBABLY KICK YOU OUT
OF THE ACADEMY.

LATER, DICK AND SIMBA STROLL DOWN MAIN
STREET IN CENTERVIEW, TRYING TO FIGURE
OUT WHAT HAPPENED.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN CHOPP WHO FRAMED
ME... AND HE DID A GOOD JOB! THE
EVIDENCE IS ALL AGAINST ME, SIMBA.
MY DENIALS WON'T HELP!



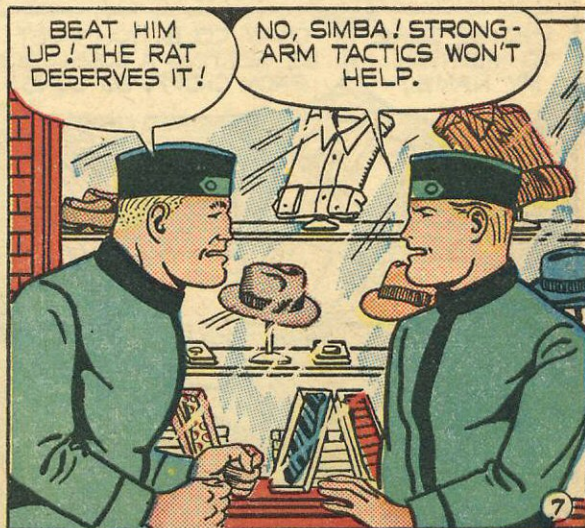
MY ONLY CHANCE
TO CLEAR MYSELF
IS TO GET CHOPP
TO CONFESS!
BUT... HOW?

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
WAY, DICK!



BEAT HIM
UP! THE RAT
DESERVES IT!

NO, SIMBA! STRONG-
ARM TACTICS WON'T
HELP.





WE'VE GOT TO USE DIFFERENT STRATEGY, SIMBA.

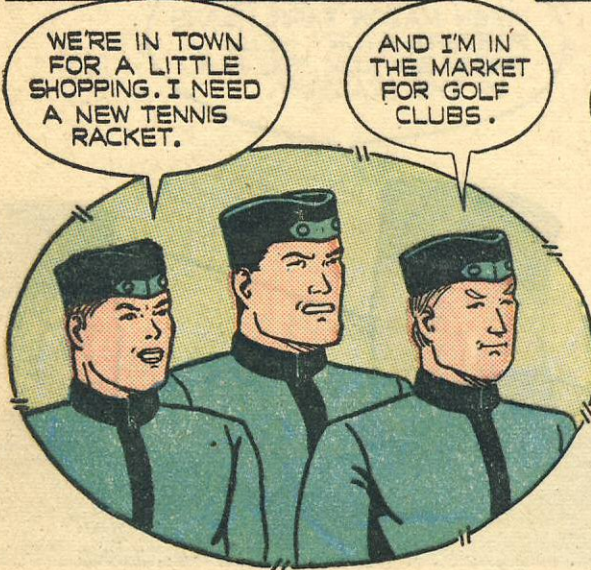
WHAT'S MORE STRATEGIC THAN A PUNCH IN THE NOSE?



HERE COME TED, SLIP'RY AND BARK HALL. WITH THEM BACKING US UP, WE COULD TALK REAL TOUGH TO CHOPP.

FORGET IT! I'VE GOT A DIFFERENT PLAN, SIMBA.

McClea



WE'RE IN TOWN FOR A LITTLE SHOPPING. I NEED A NEW TENNIS RACKET.

AND I'M IN THE MARKET FOR GOLF CLUBS.



THERE'S A SWELL NEW SPORTING-GOODS STORE ... CHOPP'S, AT MAIN AND MAPLE. WHY NOT TRY IT, FELLOWS?

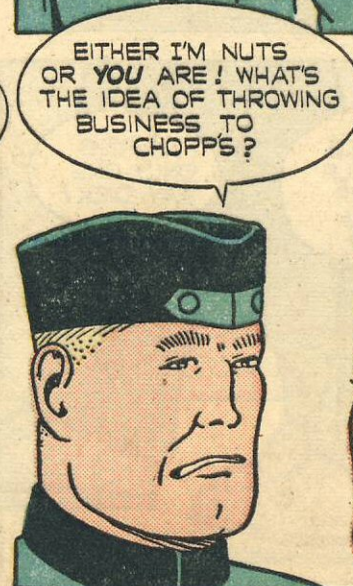
AWK!

THANKS FOR THE TIP, DICK. WE WILL.



AND BE SURE TO MENTION MY NAME!

OKAY, COLE. YOU MUST BE GETTING A COMMISSION FROM CHOPP. SO LONG!



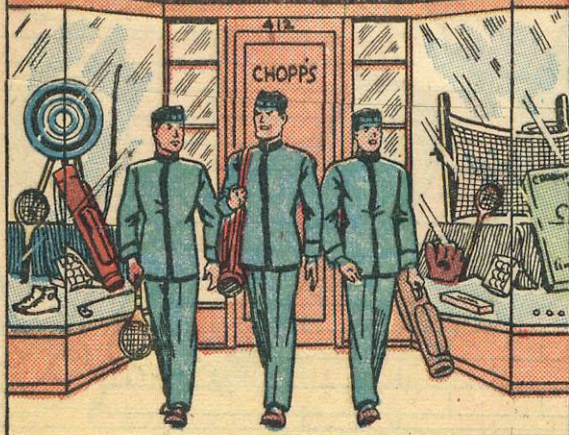
EITHER I'M NUTS OR **YOU** ARE! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THROWING BUSINESS TO CHOPP'S?

STRATEGY, SIMBA... STRATEGY!

Q ^{UESTION} No. 4. Which of these 3 states is famous for maple syrup: Georgia, Vermont or Texas?

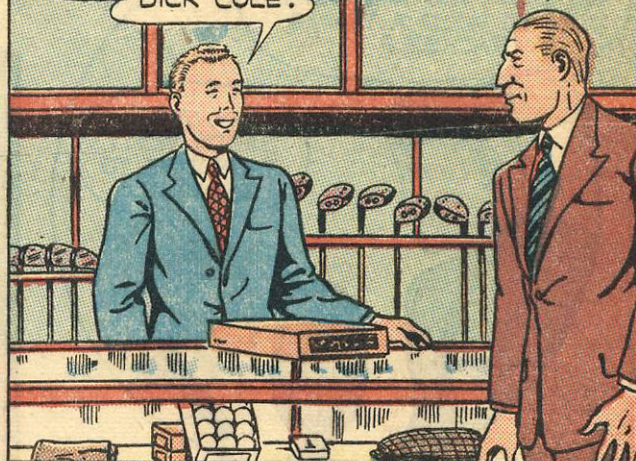
LATER...

CHOPP'S SPORTING GOODS



I JUST MADE THREE EXCELLENT SALES, SIR. THOSE CADETS SAID THEY WERE SENT HERE BY A DICK COLE.

DICK COLE ???

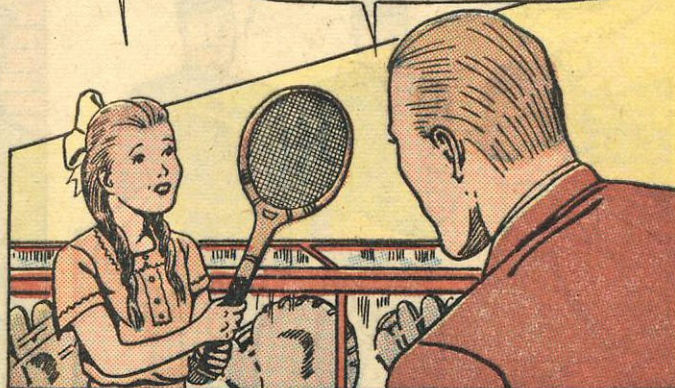


WHY IN THUNDER SHOULD COLE HELP ME? IF I WERE IN HIS SHOES, I'D BE TRYING MY BEST TO RUIN ME!

DADDY!

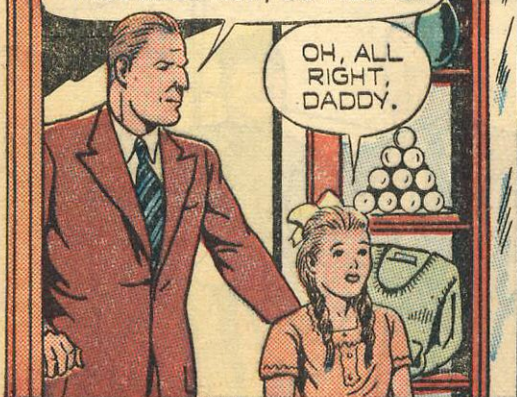
I WANNA PLAY TENNIS, DADDY!

SOME OTHER TIME, ANN. DADDY'S TOO BUSY NOW. AND DADDY'LL BE VERY HAPPY WHEN YOUR MOTHER COMES HOME AND GETS YOU IN HAND AGAIN.



YOU'RE GETTING TO BE A LITTLE ROUGHNECK! IF YOU MUST PLAY TENNIS, HIT THE BALL AGAINST THE BUILDING...AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE! NOW, GO ALONG!

OH, ALL RIGHT, DADDY.



SOON..

WHAT NEXT, MASTER MIND? I CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT!

I'M SURE THAT'S CHOPP'S DAUGHTER OVER THERE. SO, WATCH MY NEXT MOVE, SIMBA.



HELLO, LITTLE GIRL.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE
ME SHOW YOU THE RIGHT
WAY TO HOLD A TENNIS
RACKET?

WHY, YES.
DADDY WON'T
TAKE TIME TO
SHOW ME.

THERE! JUST MAKE
BELIEVE YOU'RE SHAKING
HANDS WITH THE RACKET.
NOW, TRY HITTING
THE BALL.

OOH! THAT'S
MUCH BETTER!
SAY... YOU'RE
SMART!

HUNH! I USED
TO THINK SO, TOO,
BUT NOW I'VE GOT
MY DOUBTS!

DICK HAILS A PASSING ICE-CREAM VENDOR.

HERE YOU ARE..
TWO CUPS OF
ICE CREAM.

OH, GOODY!

AT THIS MOMENT.

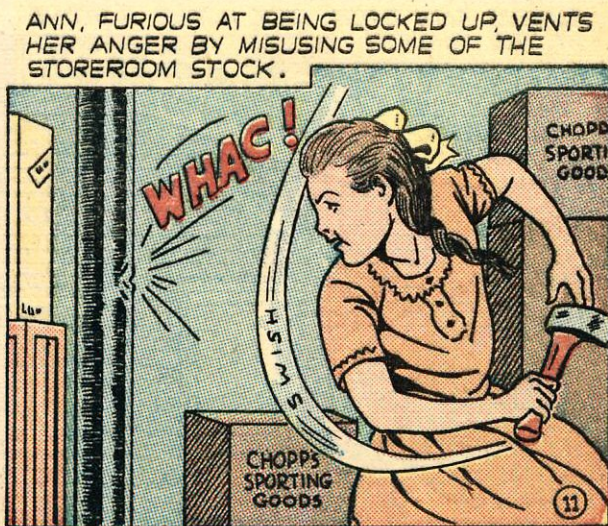
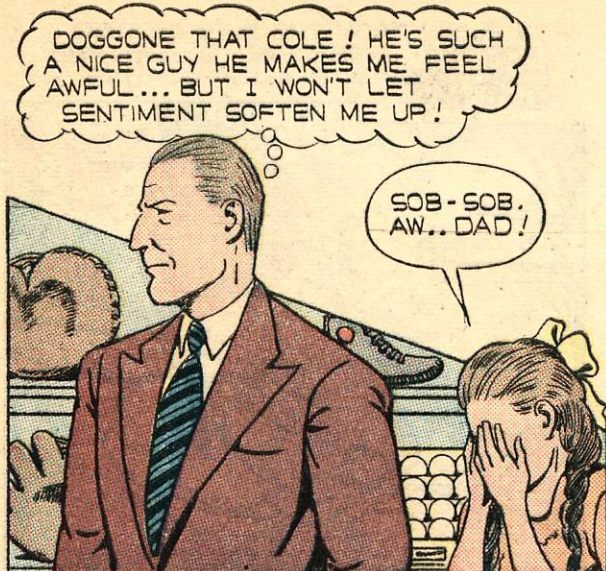
DADDY! COME AND MEET
THE NICE BOY! HE TAUGHT
ME HOW TO PLAY TENNIS AND
HE GAVE ME ICE CREAM!

OH, HE
DID, DID
HE?

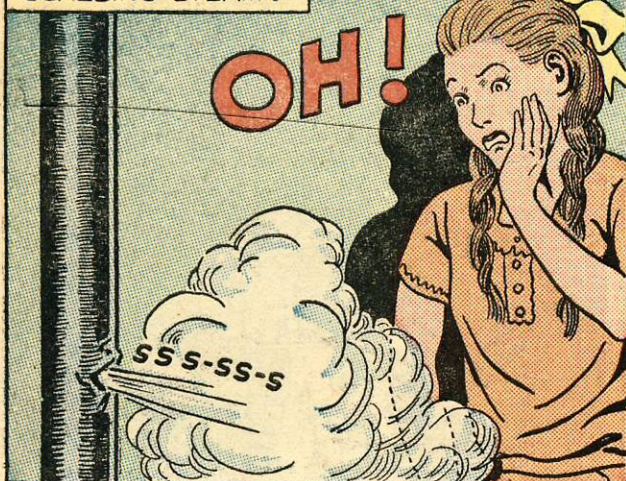
COME WITH
ME, YOUNG LADY!
KEEP AWAY FROM
THAT RASCAL!

BUT I WANT
TO PLAY WITH
HIM, DADDY!

SOME
OTHER
TIME,
LITTLE
LADY.



A FEW BLOWS AND THE HATCHET BLADE BREAKS THE STEAMPIPE ...OUT BURSTS SCALDING STEAM.



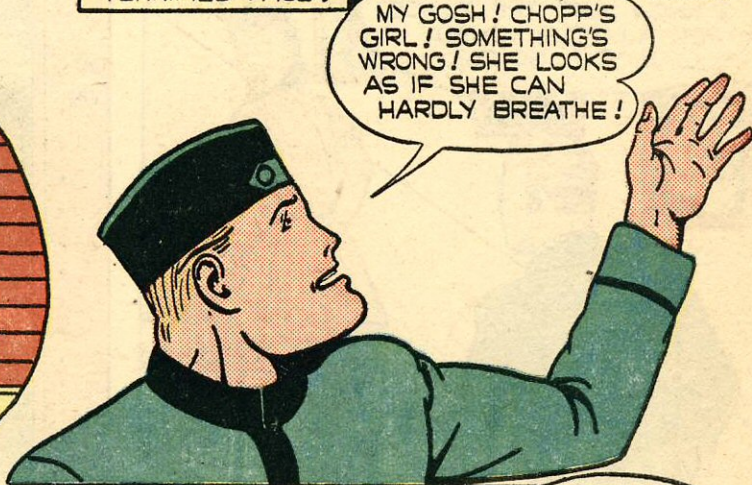
ANN FLEES FROM THE SUPERHEATED VAPOR THAT THREATENS TO TURN THE LOCKED ROOM INTO A SUFFOCATING DEATH TRAP!



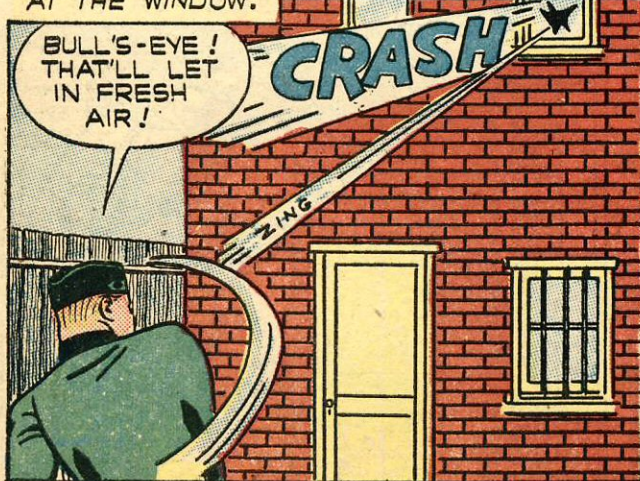
NO ONE HEARS HER FRANTIC CRIES, BUT...



DICK HAPPENS TO LOOK UP AND SEES HER TERRIFIED FACE.

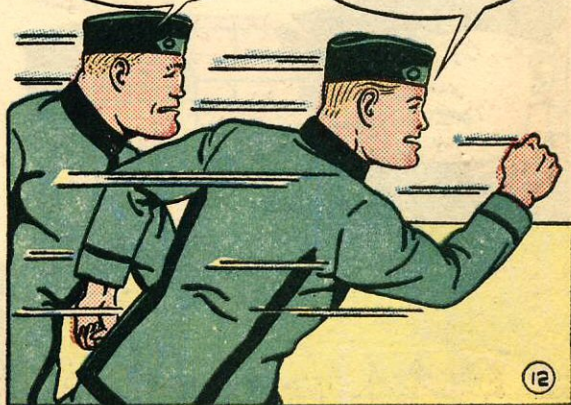


WAVING ANN BACK, DICK HURLS A STONE AT THE WINDOW.



DICK!
THAT'S STEAM
COMING FROM
THE WINDOW!
GOSH!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
AND IF WE DON'T
ACT FAST, SHE'LL
BE SCALDED TO
DEATH!



INSIDE THE STORE, DICK SPREADS THE ALARM... BUT THE JITTERY CLERK CAN'T FIND THE KEY TO THE STOREROOM DOOR!

HURRY MAN! THE KEY!

I-I CAN'T FIND IT!

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE'LL BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S A STEEL DOOR!

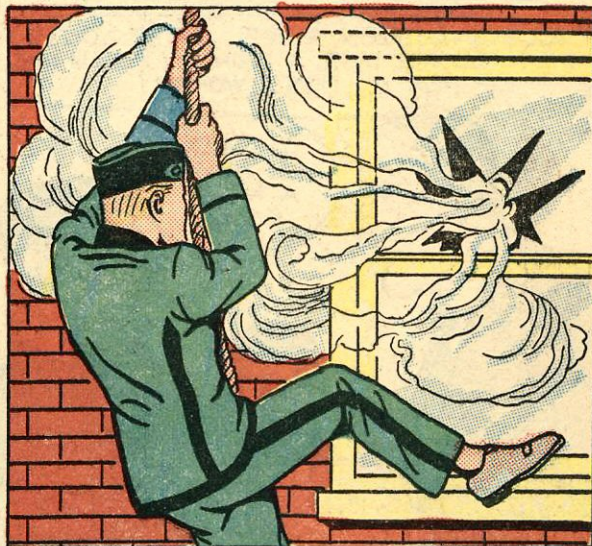
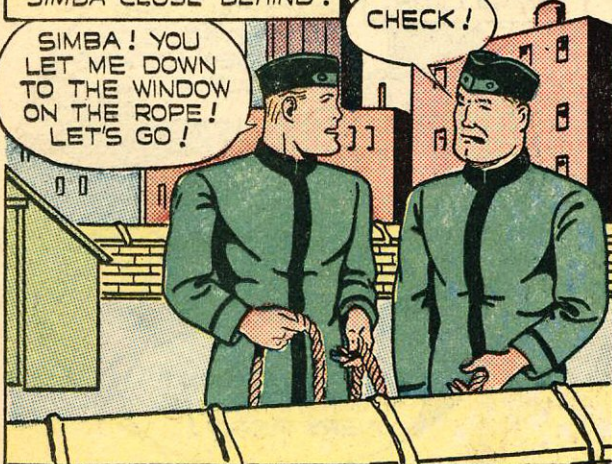
FIND THAT KEY, IDIOT!



SEIZING SOME ROPE FROM A COUNTER, DICK DASHES UPSTAIRS TO THE ROOF, WITH SIMBA CLOSE BEHIND.

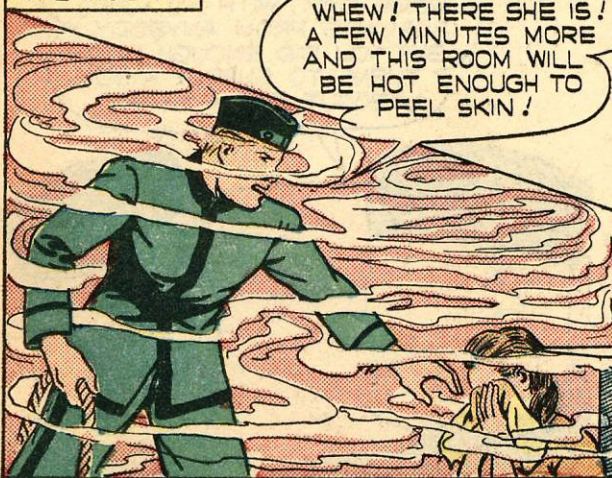
CHECK!

SIMBA! YOU LET ME DOWN TO THE WINDOW ON THE ROPE! LET'S GO!



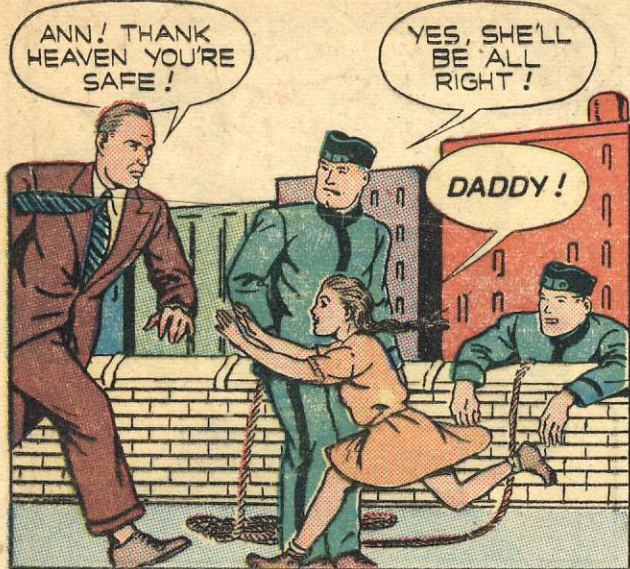
KICKING IN THE WINDOW, DICK SWINGS INTO THE ROOM.

WHEW! THERE SHE IS! A FEW MINUTES MORE AND THIS ROOM WILL BE HOT ENOUGH TO PEEL SKIN!



HAUL AWAY, SIMBA!

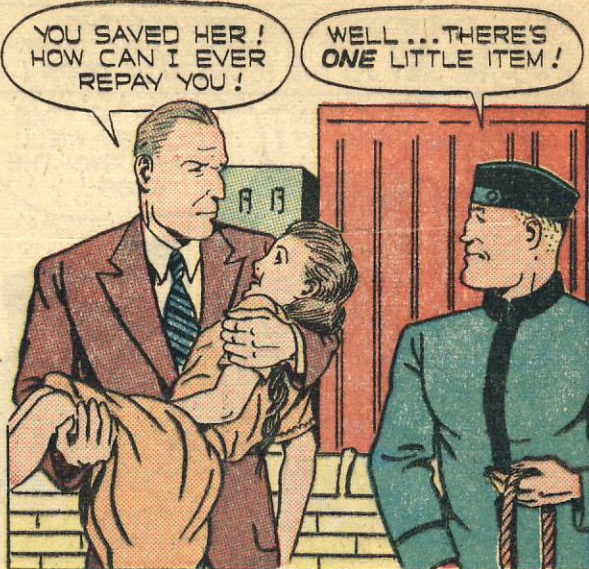




ANN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!

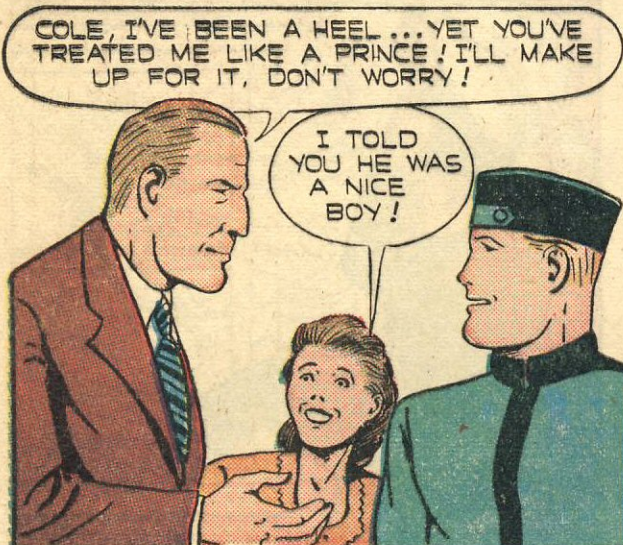
YES, SHE'LL BE 'ALL RIGHT!

DADDY!



YOU SAVED HER! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU!

WELL...THERE'S **ONE** LITTLE ITEM!



COLE, I'VE BEEN A HEEL...YET YOU'VE TREATED ME LIKE A PRINCE! I'LL MAKE UP FOR IT, DON'T WORRY!

I TOLD YOU HE WAS A NICE BOY!



LATER, AT THE CENTERVIEW TENNIS CLUB.

THE WHOLE THING WAS A PRACTICAL JOKE, MR. PORTER. DICK COLE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT!

JOKE, EH? I MUST SAY I DON'T THINK IT WAS VERY FUNNY!



HOWEVER, SINCE YOU'VE EXPLAINED IT, I'LL DROP THE WHOLE MATTER. MR. COLE'S RECORD IS CLEAR AGAIN.

THANKS A MILLION! HE'S REALLY A SWELL KID!



LATER.

WELL, YOUR STRATEGY **DID** WORK, DICK, WITH NO HARD FEELINGS FROM ANYBODY. BUT YOU DID ENOUGH GOOD TURNS TO SUPPLY A BOY SCOUT FOR A YEAR!

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS

GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

**Popsicle Pete
FUN BOOK**

GAMES

SPORTS

MAGIC

COMICS

PUZZLES

HOBBIES

**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY**
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

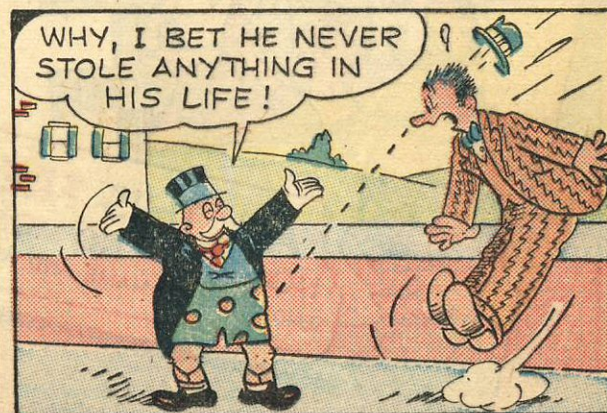
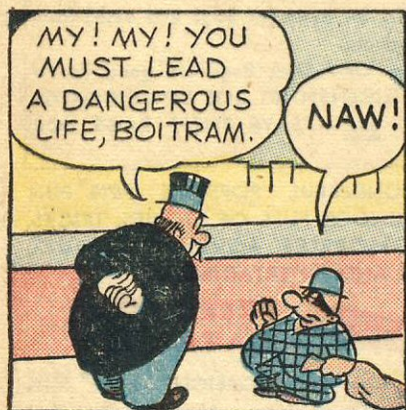
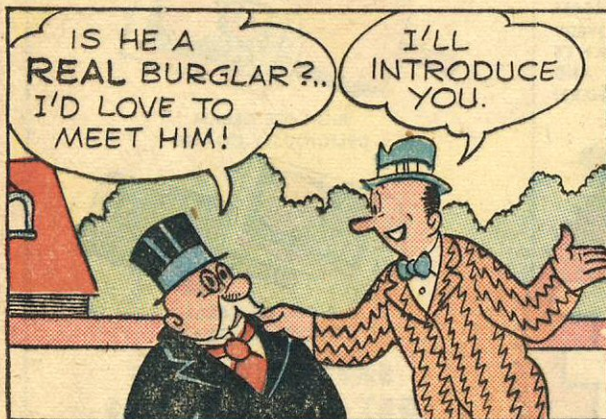
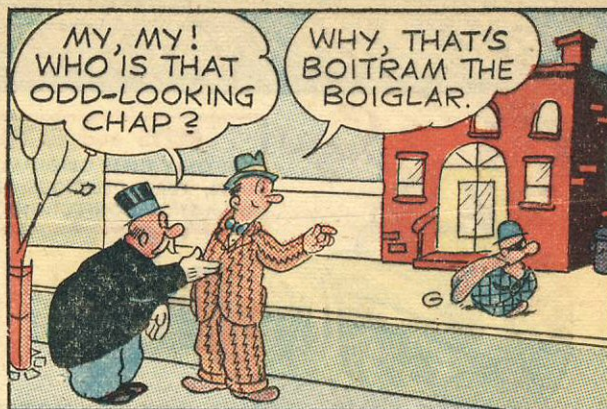
In Canada Address

100 Sterling Road, Toronto

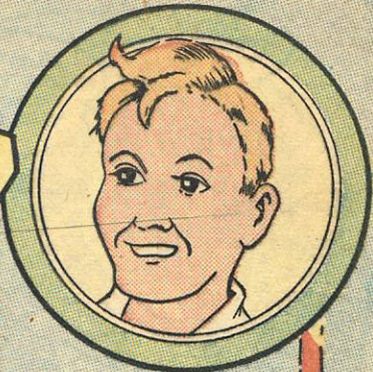
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



Edison Bell

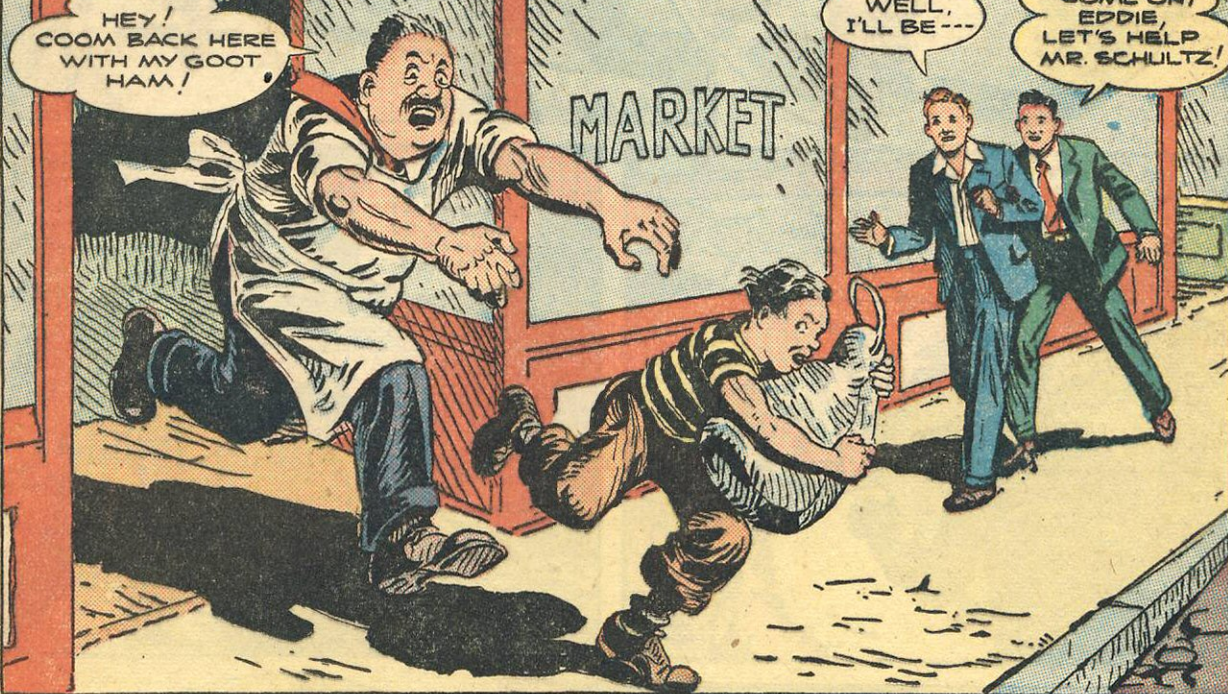


HEY!
COOM BACK HERE
WITH MY GOOT
HAM!

MARKET

WELL,
I'LL BE---

COME ON,
EDDIE,
LET'S HELP
MR. SCHULTZ!



WAIT A
MINUTE!
WHAT
BUSINESS
IS IT
OF OURS?

OLD SCHULTZ
IS A FRIEND
OF OURS,
ISN'T HE?

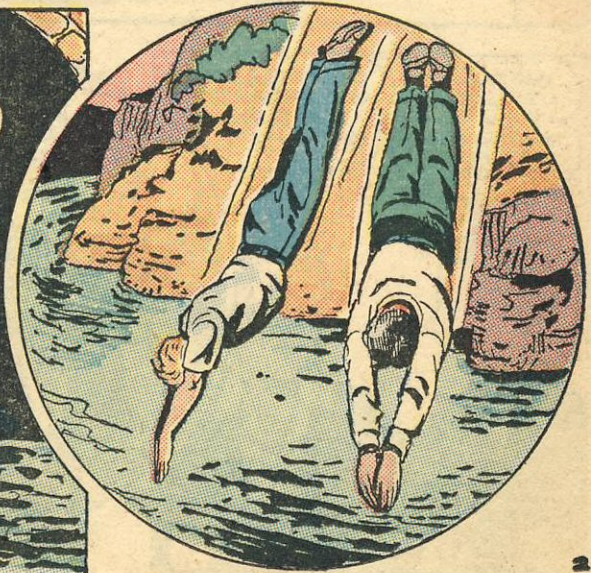
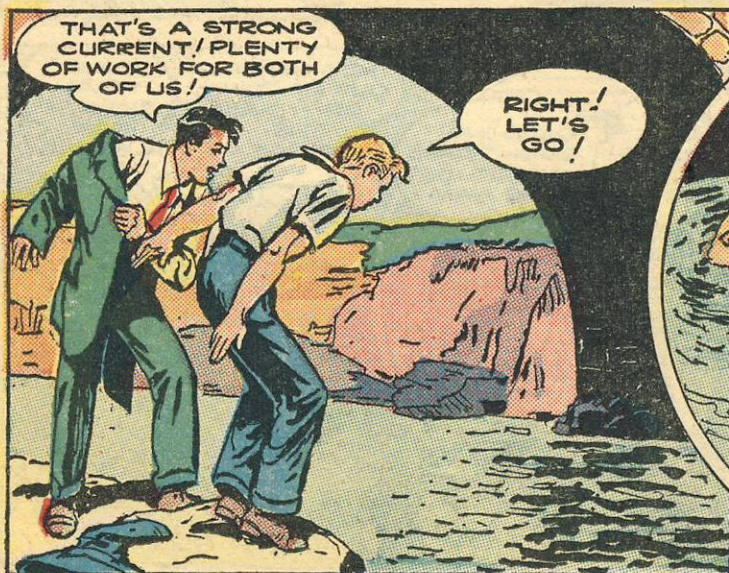
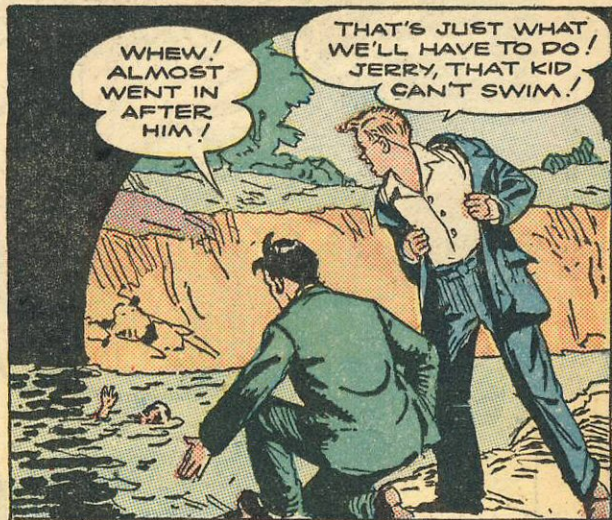
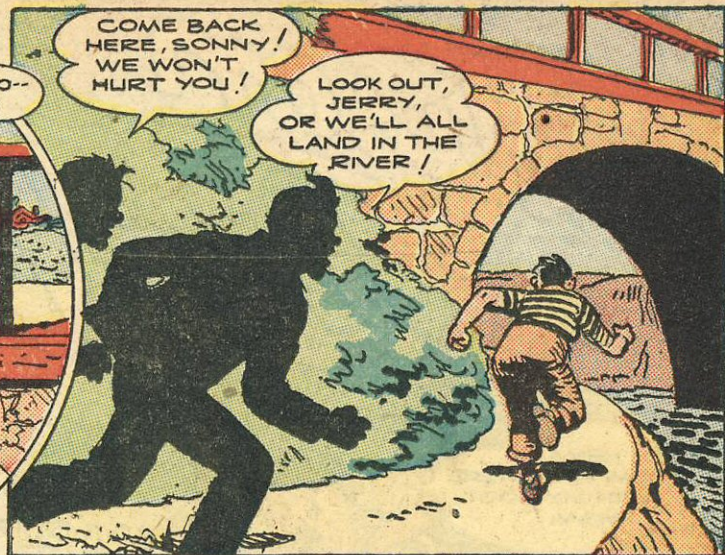
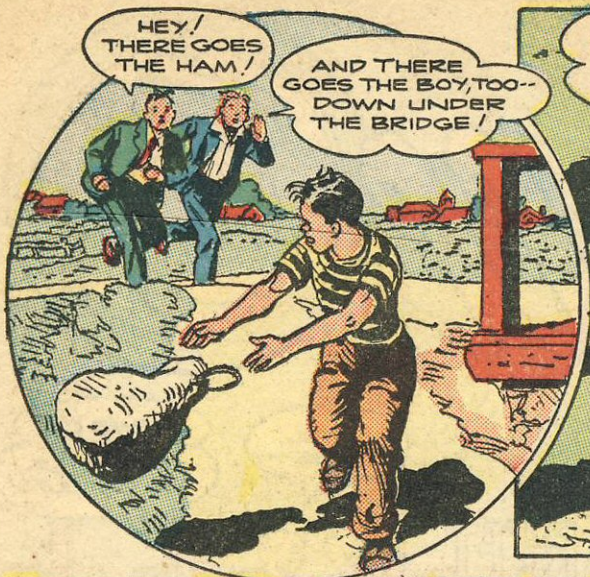
DON'T
WORRY,
MR. SCHULTZ--
WE'LL CATCH
HIM FOR
YOU!

CATCHING
I DON'T CARE
ABOUT--GET
THE HAM!

HE'S HEADING
OUT OF TOWN,
ED--- OVER
THE
BRIDGE!

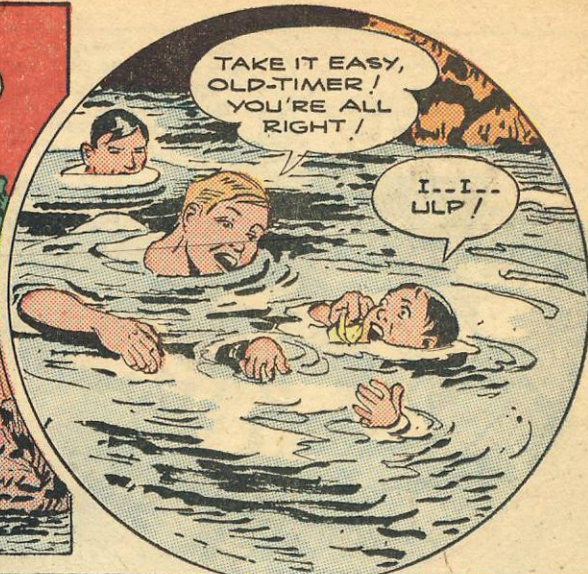
SAVE
YOUR
BREATH
FOR
RUNNING!





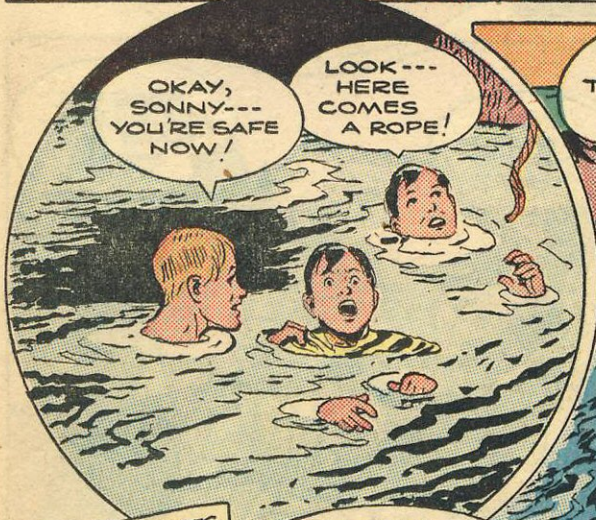


HIMMEL!
HELP, SOMEBODY!
DEY'RE ALL IN THE
WATER! ACH, SOMEONE
DO SOMETHING!



TAKE IT EASY,
OLD-TIMER!
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT!

I--I--
ULP!

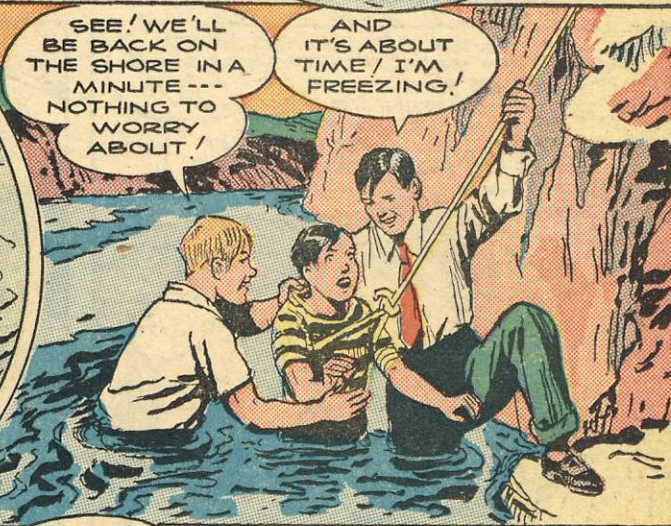


OKAY,
SONNY---
YOU'RE SAFE
NOW!

LOOK---
HERE
COMES
A ROPE!

SEE! WE'LL
BE BACK ON
THE SHORE IN A
MINUTE---
NOTHING TO
WORRY
ABOUT!

AND
IT'S ABOUT
TIME! I'M
FREEZING!

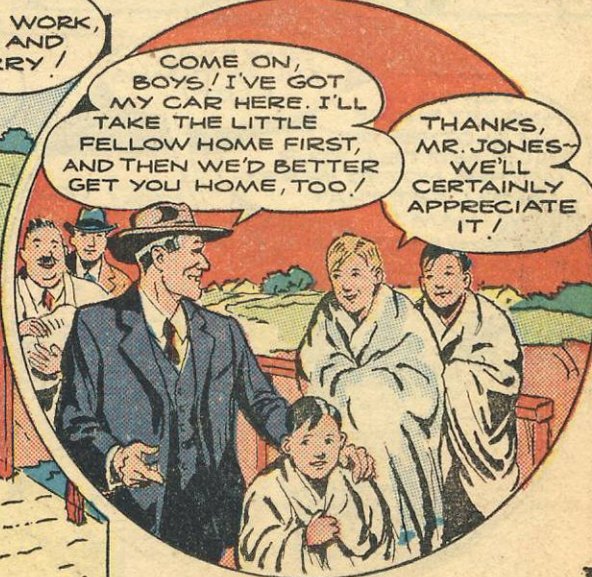


A FEW MOMENTS
LATER----

SWELL
JOB,
BOYS!

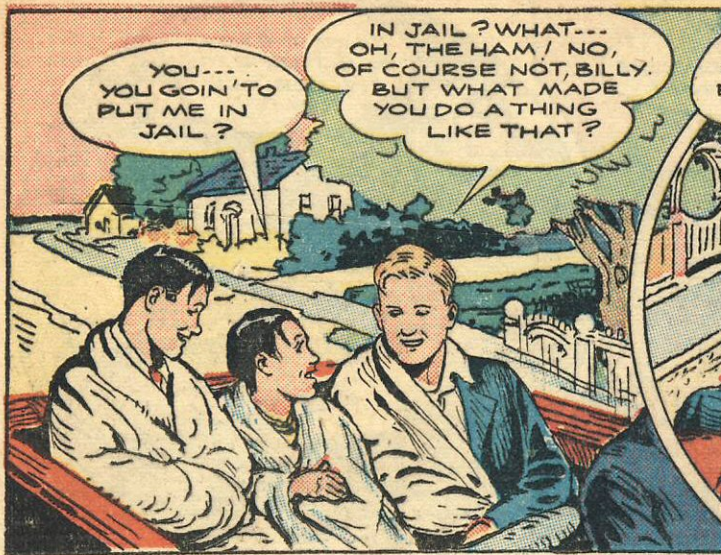
WHY, IT'S
BILLY ROBERTS!
I KNOW WHERE
HE LIVES!

NICE WORK,
ED AND
JERRY!



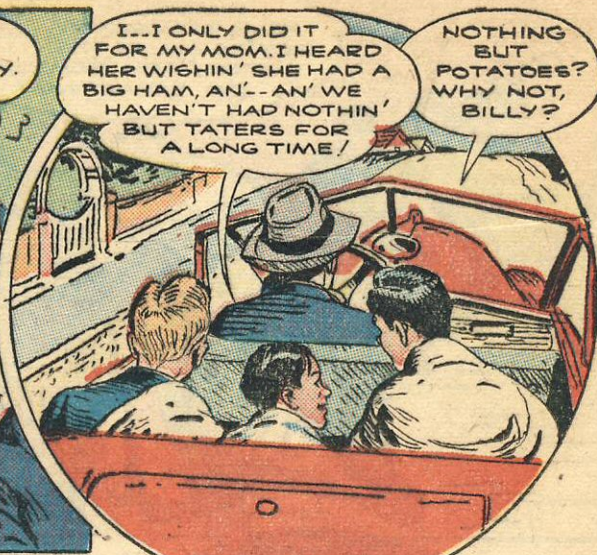
COME ON,
BOYS! I'VE GOT
MY CAR HERE. I'LL
TAKE THE LITTLE
FELLOW HOME FIRST,
AND THEN WE'D BETTER
GET YOU HOME, TOO!

THANKS,
MR. JONES--
WE'LL
CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE
IT!



YOU---
YOU GOIN' TO
PUT ME IN
JAIL?

IN JAIL? WHAT---
OH, THE HAM / NO,
OF COURSE NOT, BILLY.
BUT WHAT MADE
YOU DO A THING
LIKE THAT?

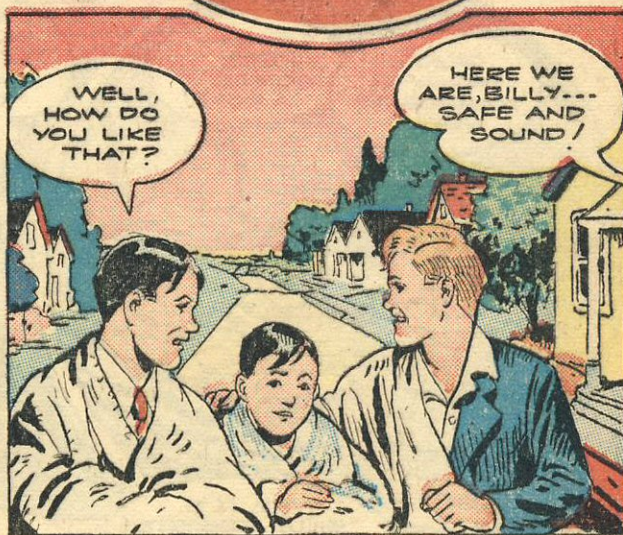


I...I ONLY DID IT
FOR MY MOM. I HEARD
HER WISHIN' SHE HAD A
BIG HAM, AN'-- AN' WE
HAVEN'T HAD NOTHIN'
BUT TATERS FOR
A LONG TIME!

NOTHING
BUT
POTATOES?
WHY NOT,
BILLY?

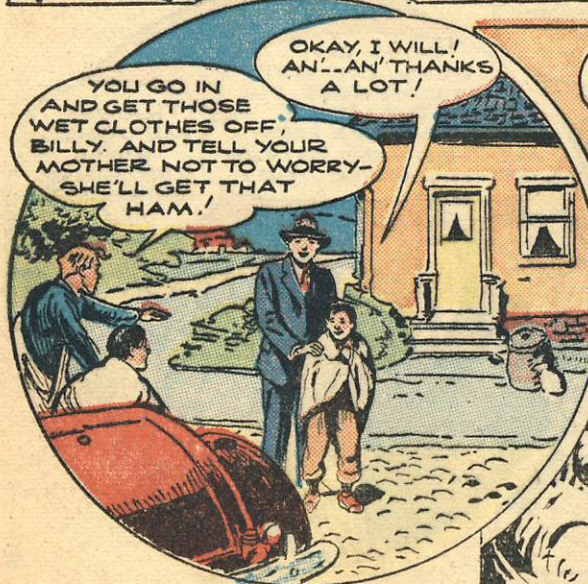


WE HAVEN'T EATEN SO GOOD
SINCE MY DADDY DIED. MOM SAYS
IT'S 'CAUSE SHE CAN'T GET A JOB
'COUNTA HAVIN' TO WATCH MY
TWO LITTLE SISTERS.
I BEEN SELLIN' PAPERS, BUT
I DON'T DO SO GOOD 'CAUSE I
CAN'T CARRY ENOUGH OF 'EM.
SAY----



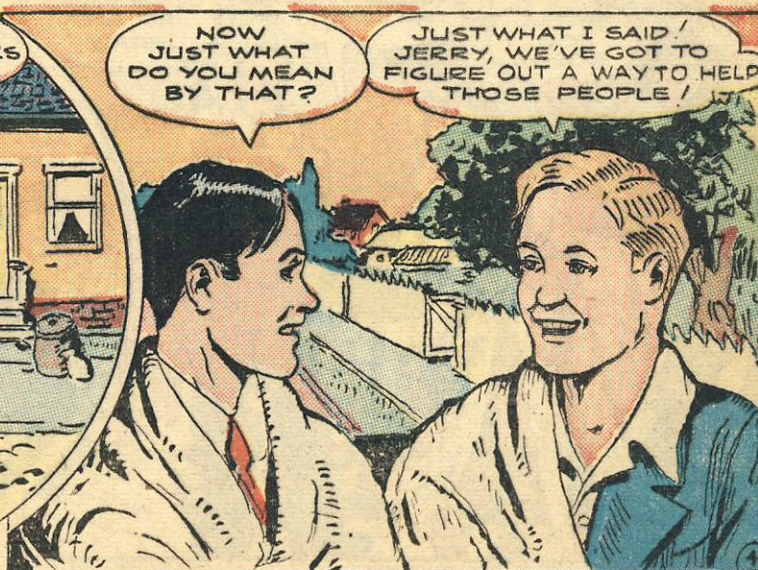
WELL,
HOW DO
YOU LIKE
THAT?

HERE WE
ARE, BILLY---
SAFE AND
SOUND!



YOU GO IN
AND GET THOSE
WET CLOTHES OFF,
BILLY. AND TELL YOUR
MOTHER NOT TO WORRY--
SHE'LL GET THAT
HAM!

OKAY, I WILL!
AN'-- AN' THANKS
A LOT!



NOW
JUST WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
BY THAT?

JUST WHAT I SAID!
JERRY, WE'VE GOT TO
FIGURE OUT A WAY TO HELP
THOSE PEOPLE!

THAT EVENING, THE PARENTS OF BOTH THE BOYS MEET...

MY GOODNESS--
POOR MRS.
ROBERTS, IF
I'D ONLY
KNOW!

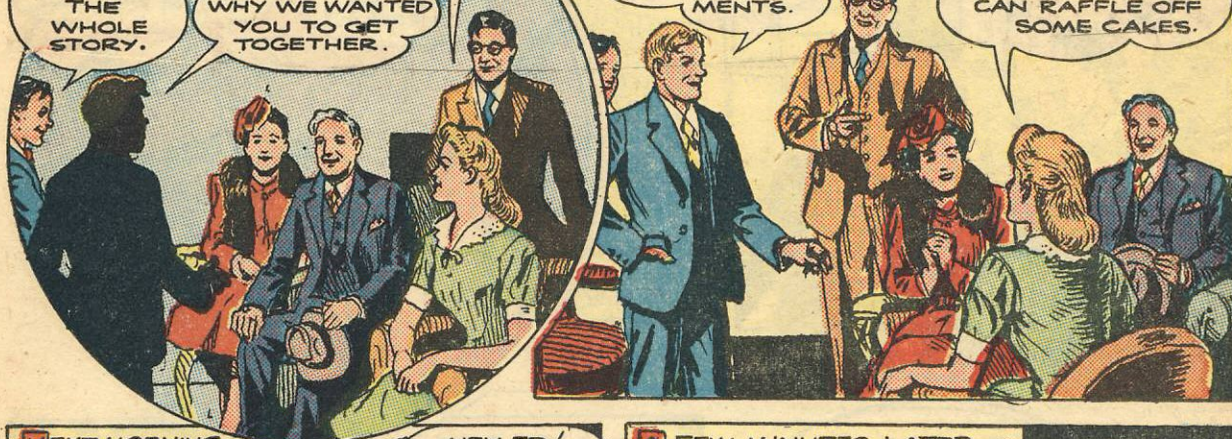
HERE'S OUR IDEA.
WE THOUGHT WE
COULD RUN SOME
SORT OF BAZAAR--
BUT WE'D NEED
YOUR HELP FOR
THE ARRANGE-
MENTS.

SAY NO MORE, SON--
WE'RE WAY AHEAD OF
YOU. I'LL GET MY
CLUB TO WORK ON IT.

--- AND
THAT'S
THE
WHOLE
STORY.

YES, THAT'S
WHY WE WANTED
YOU TO GET
TOGETHER.

OF COURSE!
MARY, YOU AND I
CAN RAFFLE OFF
SOME CAKES.



NEXT MORNING....

WHY SURE, EDDIE...
DOT'S A FINE IDEA. I
RAFFLE OFF A COUPLE OF
BIG STEAKS. AND RIGHT
NOW I SEND DOT HAM
TO MRS. ROBERTS,
TOO!

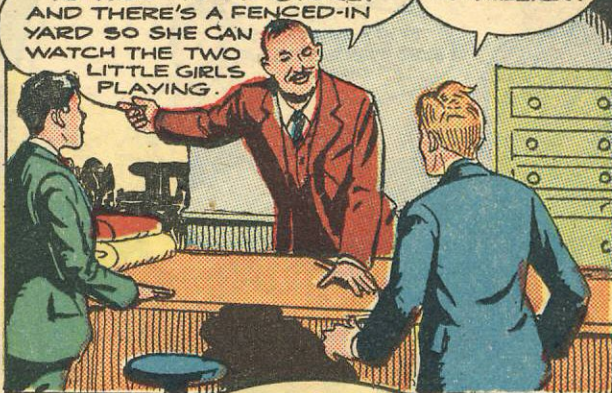
HEY, ED!
LET'S GO OVER
AND SEE
MR. JONES
AT THE
FURNITURE
STORE.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I SAY FINE, BOYS!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR A NICE
WOMAN LIKE MRS. ROBERTS
TO WORK IN MY STORE,
AND THERE'S A FENCED-IN
YARD SO SHE CAN
WATCH THE TWO
LITTLE GIRLS
PLAYING.

THAT'S
GREAT,
MR. JONES!
THANKS
A MILLION!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE BOYS
MAKE THEIR LAST CALL....

YOU'RE A BIT LATE, EDDIE.
YOUR FATHER'S A LEGIONNAIRE,
YOU KNOW...WE'VE ALREADY
ARRANGED TO HOLD THE
BAZAAR HERE.

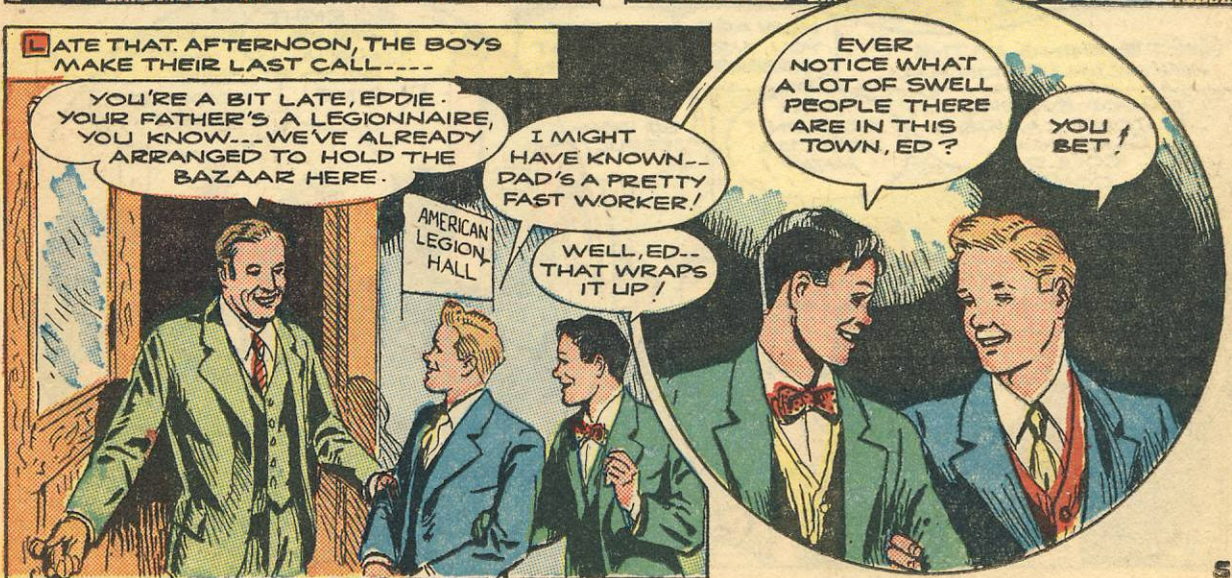
I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN--
DAD'S A PRETTY
FAST WORKER!

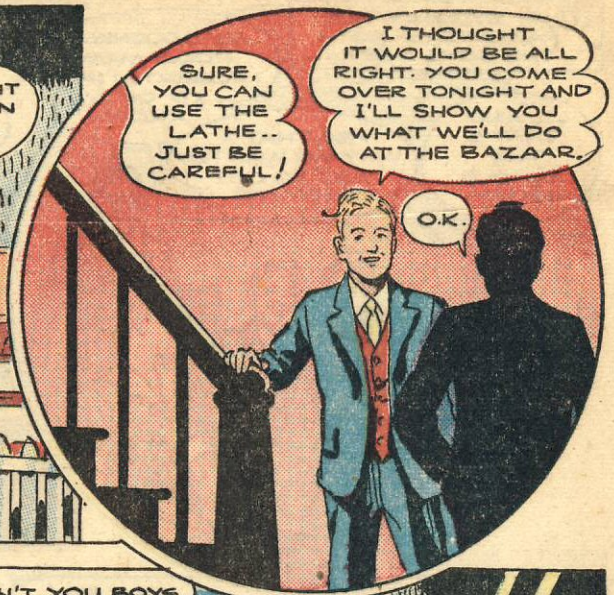
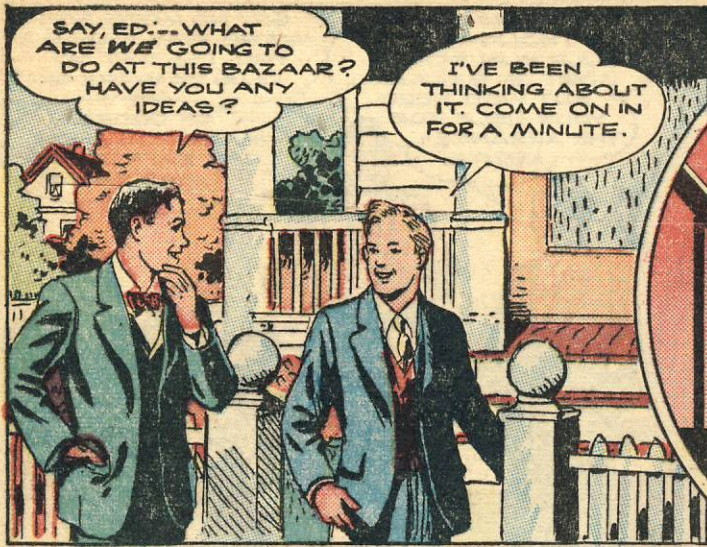
WELL, ED--
THAT WRAPS
IT UP!

AMERICAN
LEGION
HALL

EVER
NOTICE WHAT
A LOT OF SWELL
PEOPLE THERE
ARE IN THIS
TOWN, ED?

YOU
BET!

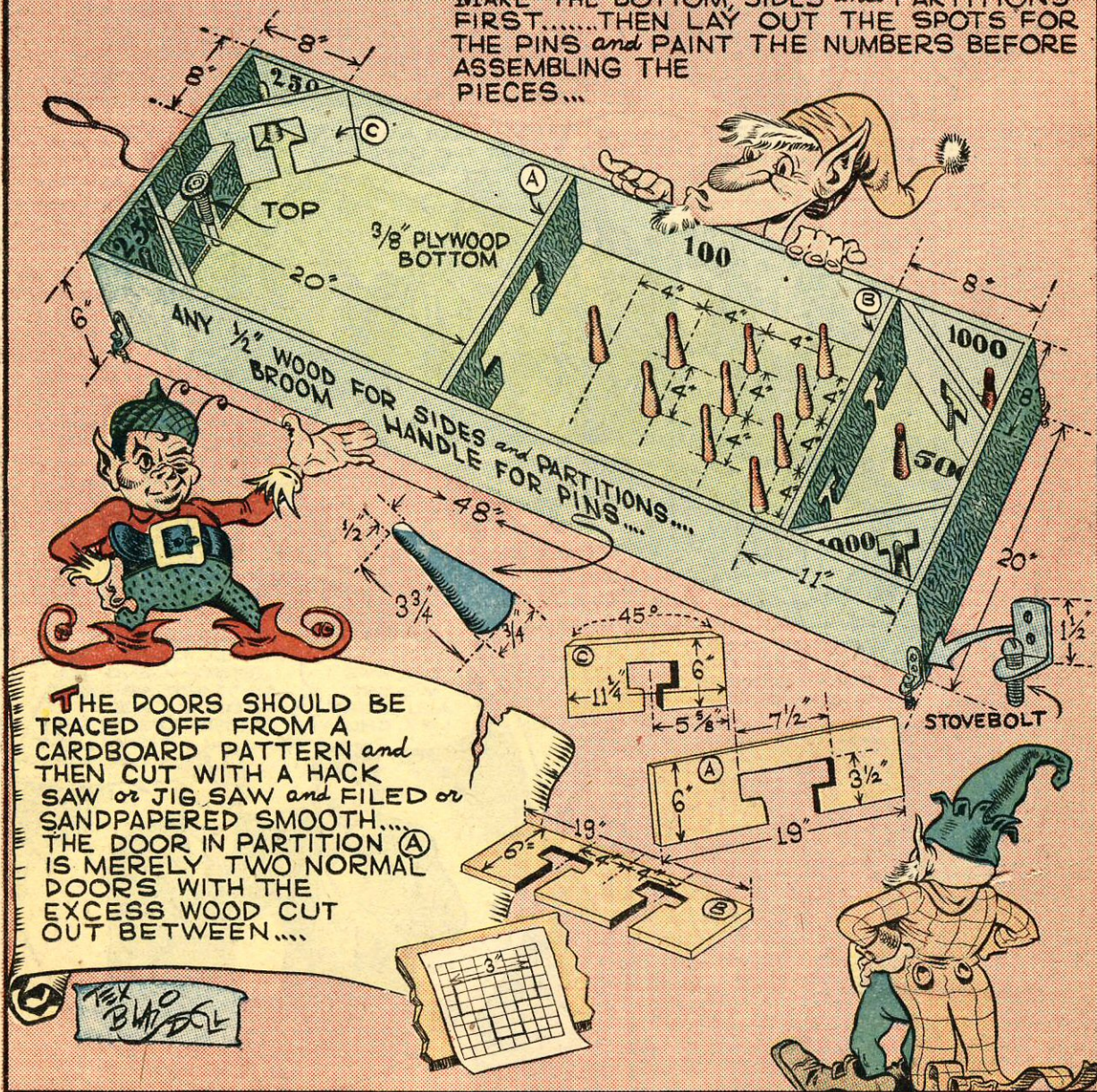




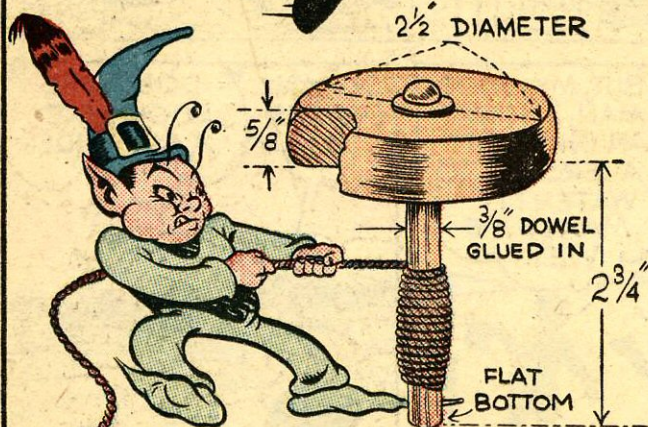


IS LOTS OF FUN FOR ALL...

MAKE THE BOTTOM, SIDES *and* PARTITIONS FIRST.....THEN LAY OUT THE SPOTS FOR THE PINS *and* PAINT THE NUMBERS BEFORE ASSEMBLING THE PIECES...

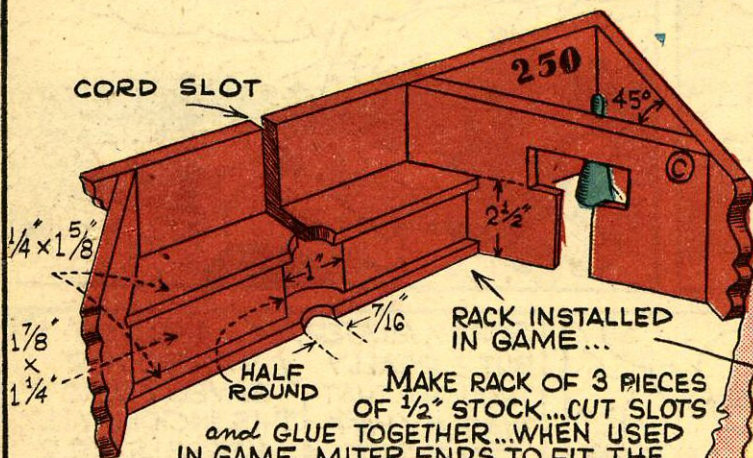


THE Cyclone SPINNER and RACK

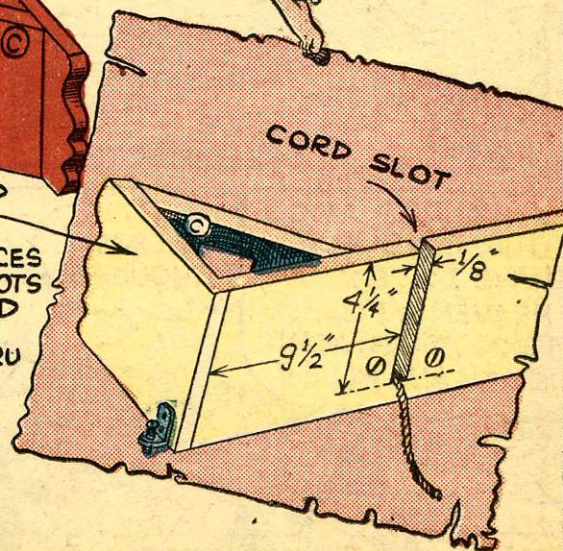


MAY BE USED WITH THE WANDERING TOP GAME OR MAY BE BUILT BY ITSELF... IF PROPERLY MADE and SPUN, THE CYCLONE SPINNER WILL ROTATE FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES... USE HEAVY, BRAIDED FISHING LINE ABOUT 3/64" THICK and 46" LONG, TO GET A FIRM, STRONG SPIN...

WIND THE CORD EVENLY, LEAVING 1/2" SPACE AT EACH END OF SHAFT TO FIT INTO GROOVES OF RACK... ONE END OF CORD IS FRAIED SO IT CAN BE PINCHED UNDER THE FIRST WIND... A 3" LOOP FOR A HAND HOLD IS ON THE OTHER END...



MAKE RACK OF 3 PIECES OF 1/2" STOCK... CUT SLOTS and GLUE TOGETHER... WHEN USED IN GAME, MITER ENDS TO FIT THE PARTITION and DRIVE SCREWS THRU BACK and BOTTOM... IF BUILT SEPARATELY, EXTEND ONE END OF RACK LONG ENOUGH FOR A FIRM HAND GRIP...



HEATHCLIFF THE WOBO

NOW THIS IS INDEED IDEAL EMPLOYMENT, THE PERFECT JOB! NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT SIT IN THE SHADE AND ENJOY THE REFRESHING OCEAN BREEZES...



HEY! LIFEGUARD! I JUST SAW MY WIFE WAY OUT IN THE OCEAN AND SHE CAN'T SWIM!

WHAT'S SHE DOING OUT THERE IF SHE CAN'T SWIM?



THE TIDE MUST HAVE CARRIED HER OUT! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HER! SHE CAN'T SWIM A STROKE!

TALKING ABOUT STROKES, I FEEL ONE COMING ON. I CAN'T SWIM, EITHER.



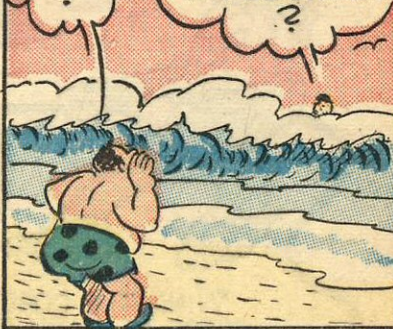
HURRY! HURRY! BEFORE SHE DROWNS!

BUT, MY GOOD MAN, I HAVE AN INHERENT AVERSION TO WATER! IT MAKES ME WET.



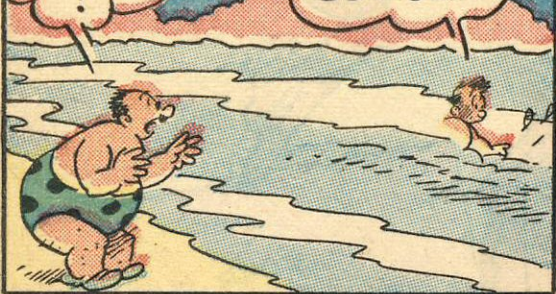
DO YOU SEE HER?

DOES SHE LOOK LIKE A FLOUNDER?



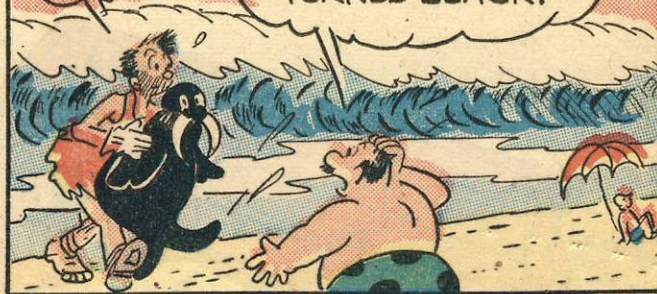
NO, MORE LIKE A WALRUS!

I SAY, MADAM, HOLD ON! DON'T FLAP ABOUT SO MUCH!



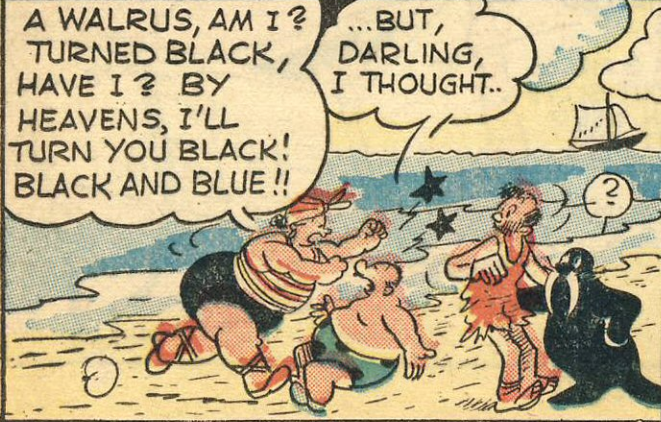
IS THIS HER?

SHE MUST HAVE SWALLOWED A LOT OF WATER - SHE'S TURNED BLACK!



A WALRUS, AM I? TURNED BLACK, HAVE I? BY HEAVENS, I'LL TURN YOU BLACK! BLACK AND BLUE!!

...BUT, DARLING, I THOUGHT.



SORRY, MISTER, BUT I REALLY THOUGHT THAT WAS MY WIFE OUT THERE...

— AND YOU WANTED HER SAVED? WHO'S THIS, INCIDENTALLY, HER SISTER?



SMACK!

ART HELFANT



A ROOM THERE WAS

by *Marjorie Lyndon Smith*

GARRY PORTER hunched down on the porch floor under the open window, listening with a sort of impish appreciation.

"You don't love me," Paul charged, "or you'd marry me tomorrow."

"I won't move in with your mother," Lorena said in a voice that sounded frayed. "And you know you wouldn't consider coming here. Find us a house, a room, anything, and I *will* marry you tomorrow."

"Be reasonable. You just got through telling me those friends of your mother's, the Rices, are being evicted from their apartment and can't even find a hotel room. Where, for goodness' sake, am I going to find us a house? Now my mother..."

"She has a big house and she's all alone. All right! But we don't get on. Paul, I don't want to be unreasonable but we must have our own place to start with. Don't you see?"

"You don't want to be unreasonable. Good grief, do you think you're showing reason now? Face facts, Rena."

"I am. It's all our lives, Paul. Do we want to wreck everything before we even start?" Her voice began to rise.

"Do you want to marry me? That's what it boils down to. Just me, house or no house."

"Oh, Paul. Paul, what will we do?"

"I don't know, dear. We'd better break it up. If we say another word we'll really be quarreling. See you tonight. I'd better run." And Paul, followed by his fiancée, swept through the doorway onto the porch before Garry had time to unscramble himself.

Paul kept on going but Lorena, a slim, blonde sprite of a girl, fell on her brother with an enraged shriek. "You horrid, sneaking little brat. Just wait till I tell Dad on you."

Garry fended her off easily. He was larger than she, in a lanky, gangling, fifteen-year-old way. "Look, Rena, calm down. You know you aren't going to tell on me. I've already found out that you're crazy to find a house and maybe I can help you."

Lorena "looked at him sharply. "You can't help me."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he drawled. "You wanna bet?"

"Will you?"

He grinned. "What'll you give me, Sis?"

"What do you want?"

He shrugged. "What I really want is your room. I always have. It's twice as big as that dinky hole I'm expected to squeeze into. Just because you're older and a girl..."

"Oh, stop crabbing, Garry. Find us a place and you'll have the room. Don't I wish you could."

"You'd be surprised at what I can do." He walked away from her incredulous smile, slowly kicking at the walk as he sauntered along.

He saw house after house, all of them stuffed with people who could be depended on to cling to their homes like barnacles. He pictured a family hanging on desperately to their wooden shelter while he deftly pried them loose with a pair of tongs. He savored their despairing

screams with a satisfied smile.

Then he abandoned this fancy for a more satisfactory vision. He could see himself arranging his possessions in the big, sunny, corner room that would be his once his sister loosened her hold on it. He decided just where he'd put his desk. There'd be room for his motion-picture projector and he could ask the gang up after school.

All of a sudden he stopped, his mouth jarring open. Here was a 'house whose windows were bare of curtains. Out in back he saw a man putting a box in a streamlined trailer.

A woman, tapping down the walk, stopped beside him. She stared at the house with the same eagerness in her eyes that Garry had felt. "Can you tell me if that house is for rent?" she asked quickly.

"No, it isn't," he said definitely. "My mother is just cleaning house." He contrived to look angelic, lowering his impish eyes, and she believed him and sighed unhappily before she walked on.

Garry drifted around the house, his hands in his pockets. "Hello," he said, his sunny smile lighting up his too angular face.

"Hello there, young fellow," a gray-haired man said, popping out of the trailer. "What can I do for you?"

"That's a peach of a trailer. You going very far in it?" Garry held his breath.

"Clear across the country, b'gosh," the other said proudly. "Yep, Ma 'n' me, we aim to see this land of ours before we die."

"Then are you selling your house?"

"Nope."

"Renting it?"

"Nope, just shutting it up."

"Would you rent it?"

"Nope, don't need the money and Ma don't want strangers tramping about in her parlor."

Garry drew a deep breath, preparing for the biggest persuasive effort of his life. "You don't know me," he said rapidly, "and you don't know my sister. She's a good kid. She wants to be happy like you and your wife. But it looks like she won't be. Her life will probably be ruined."

"Why?" the gray-haired man asked, his mouth unconsciously falling open.

"She's going to get married but she and her boy friend have turned the town upside down. They can't find a house. They're desperate. They're starting to fight. It's making everybody in our house unhappy. Will you help us, please?" Garry pulled out all the stops in his flexible voice. "Let my sister come to see you so you can decide if you'd consider renting to her while you're away."

The man hesitated. "I'm afraid Ma wouldn't like it. I don't know . . .

The kitchen door banged open. "I've been listening to you," the plump woman who hustled out said crisply. "This boy is right in a way. I guess I have been selfish wanting to hug our home to ourselves when there's so many lacking a place to lay their heads. Bring your sister over, boy. She can be proud she has a kind, thoughtful brother, a brother who isn't thinking of himself first as so many people do."

Garry tried to look noble as he expressed his thanks. I guess I am pretty good, he told himself as he hurried home. Sis better be darn grateful to me. I wonder how quick I can kick her out of my room?

His sister was nearly as good as her word. She was married and settled in her new home in less than two weeks.

Garry collected an armload of his belongings and started to take them in to the room he'd coveted so long.

"What are you doing?" his mother demanded.

"This is my room now . . . Mother," he said authoritatively, "you know you always said, when Sis married . . ."

His mother interrupted. "I'm sorry, Garry, but I've rented it to the Rices. They move in tomorrow."

THE END

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



THE CADETS LEARN A NEW GAME...BUT INNOCENT FUN TURNS INTO THE BAFFLING MYSTERY OF "DEATH IS A DARK ACE"!



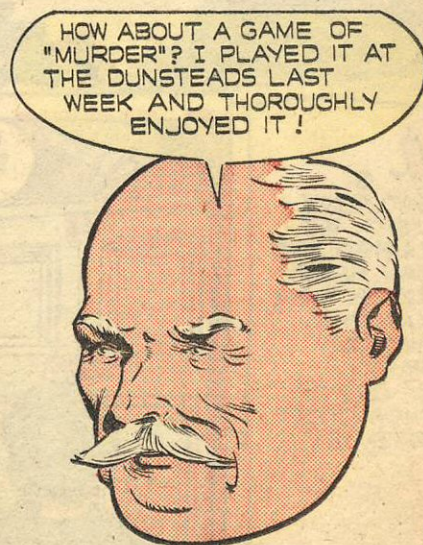
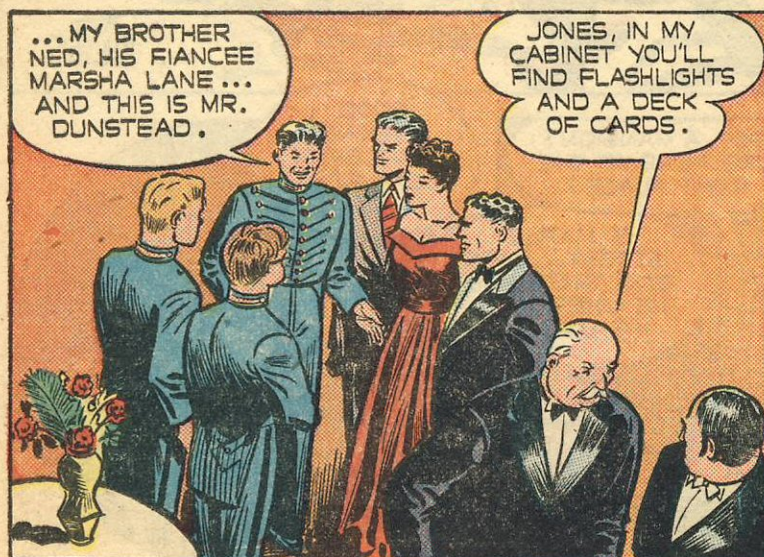
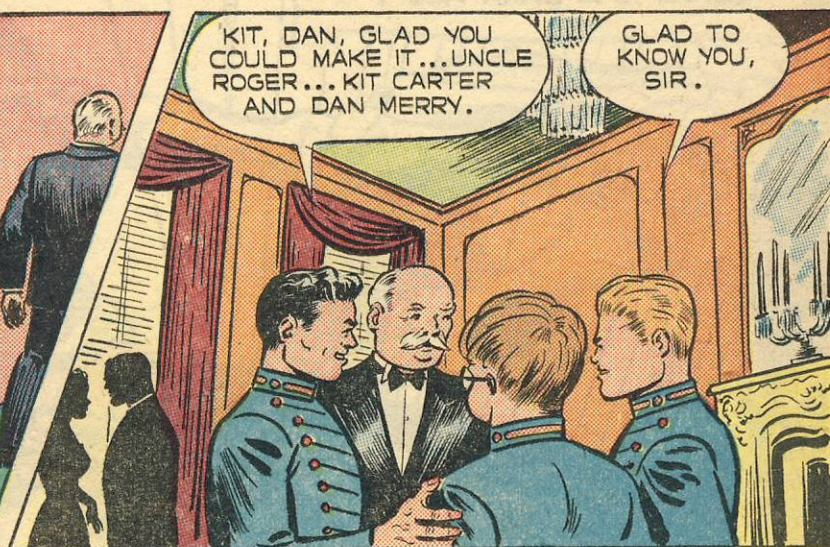
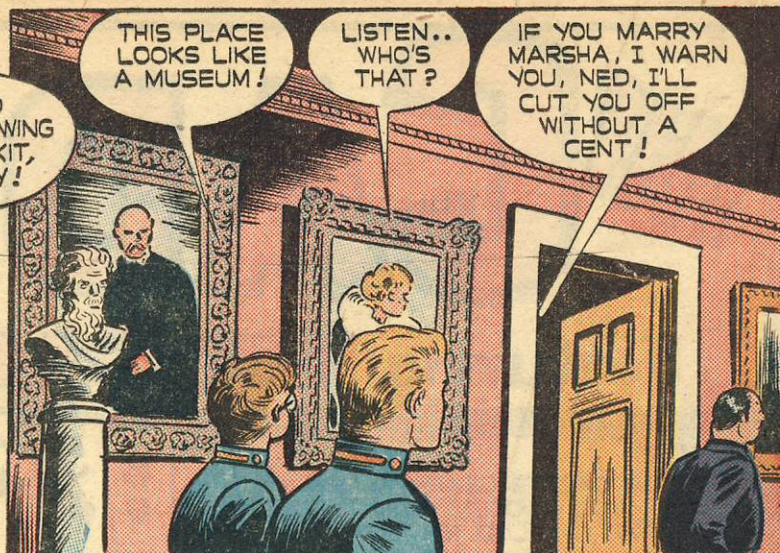
IT IS SATURDAY NIGHT. KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY OF ONE OF THEIR CADET FRIENDS.

GOSH, A MANSION!
SURE WE'RE AT THE
RIGHT PLACE?

13 MAPLE
STREET...LARRY
SAID THAT'S WHERE
HE LIVES WITH
HIS UNCLE.

GOOD
EVENING,
GENTLEMEN.
COME RIGHT
IN.





HOW DO WE PLAY IT?

WE EACH PICK A CARD FROM THE SEVEN I'VE HANDED JONES. ONE OF US WILL GET THE ACE OF SPADES, ANOTHER THE JACK OF DIAMONDS. WHOEVER PICKS THE ACE IS "MURDERER," WHILE THE ONE WHO DRAWS THE JACK IS "DETECTIVE." THE "MURDERER" IS NOT TO REVEAL HIMSELF.

DAN STAYS HERE. THE REST PLACE YOUR CARDS FACE DOWN ON THE TABLE AND TAKE A FLASHLIGHT. JONES, TURN OFF THE LIGHTS.

I'M THE DETECTIVE!

SOON, GHOSTLIKE BEAMS PLAY OVER THE DARKENED ROOM.

DISPERSE ABOUT THE HOUSE. OUR MURDERER WILL KILL ANY ONE OF US BY TAPPING THE CHOSEN VICTIM ON THE BACK. THE VICTIM SCREAMS... THE SIGNAL FOR ALL OF US TO RETURN HERE.

OUR DETECTIVE WILL QUESTION US... TO FIND OUT WHO THE MURDERER IS. EVERYONE MUST ANSWER TRUTHFULLY EXCEPT THE MURDERER. READY?

I DIDN'T GET THE ACE OF SPADES.

AS KIT MOVES ABOUT...

LOOKS LIKE THE LIBRARY. I'VE BEEN ALONE THE LAST FEW MINUTES. EVERYONE DISAPPEARED.

SUDDENLY...

E-E-E-E-YAH!

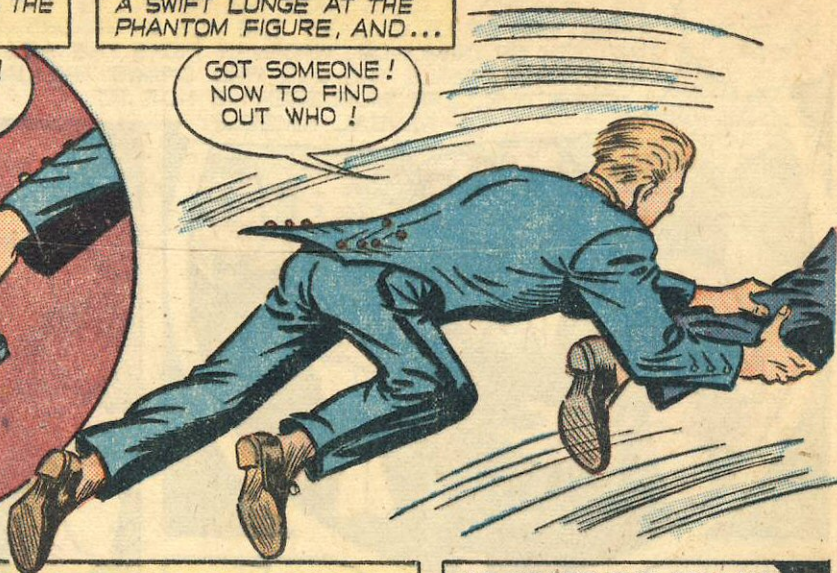
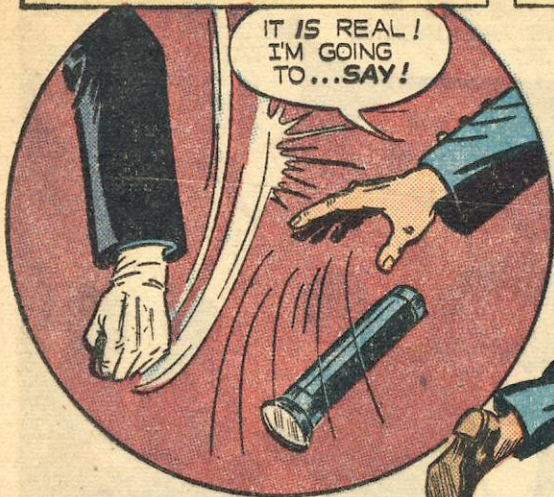
GOSH, THAT SCREAM SOUNDED TOO REAL FOR COMFORT!

AS A SHORT MOAN FOLLOWS THE
PIERCING SCREAM...

A SWIFT LUNGE AT THE
PHANTOM FIGURE, AND...

IT IS REAL!
I'M GOING
TO... SAY!

GOT SOMEONE!
NOW TO FIND
OUT WHO!

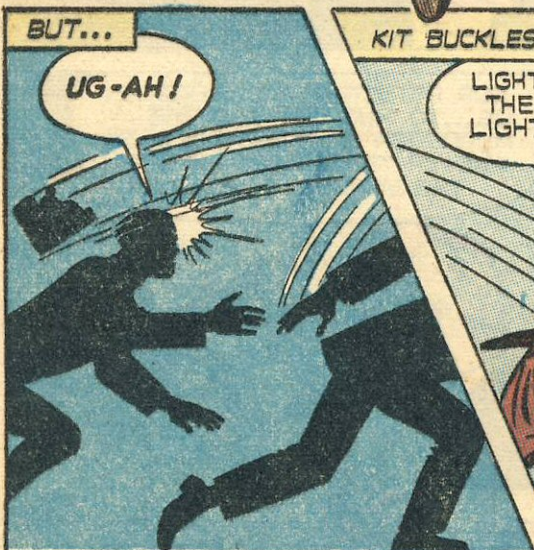


BUT...

UG-AH!

KIT BUCKLES UNDER THE BLOW.

LIGHTS!
THE
LIGHTS!



WE HEARD THE SCREAM
AND THEN YOUR CRY
ABOUT THE LIGHTS.

WHAT
HAPPENED?

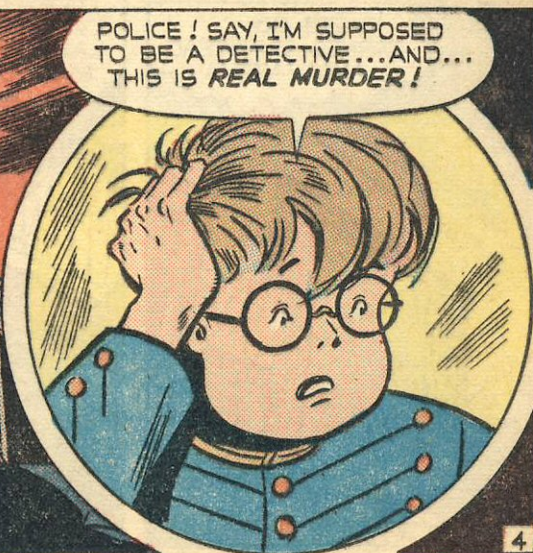
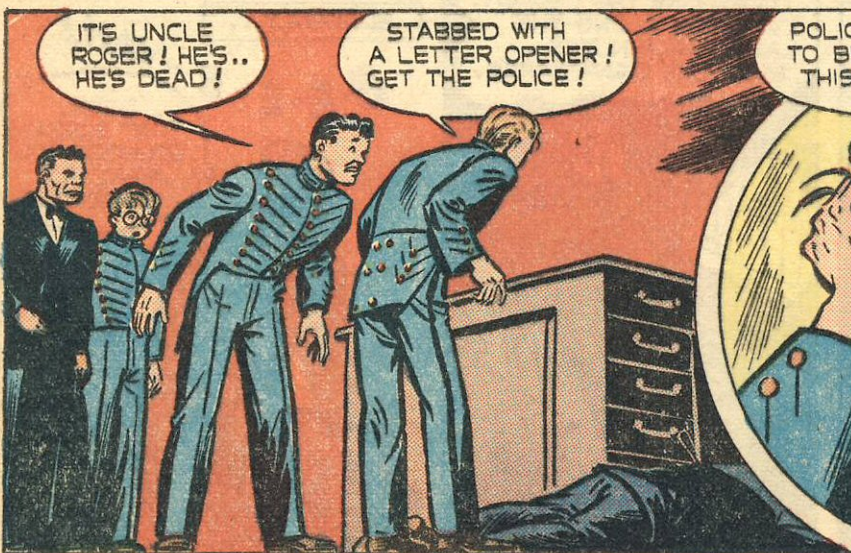
SOMEONE
STRUCK ME
BUT NOT
IN FUN!
**LOOK!
BEHIND THE
DESK!**



IT'S UNCLE
ROGER! HE'S..
HE'S DEAD!

STABBED WITH
A LETTER OPENER!
GET THE POLICE!

POLICE! SAY, I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE A DETECTIVE...AND...
THIS IS **REAL MURDER!**



QUESTION No. 11. The police of what city are commonly called "bobbies"?

THE POLICE TAKE CHARGE, UNLEASHING A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS.



SO YOU HAD THE ACE OF SPADES, MISS LANE.

YES. I WAS GOING TO "KILL" NED. I SAW HIM IN THE HALL.

I WAS IN THE SUN ROOM.



SO YOU WERE ALL SOMEWHERE ELSE. BUT ONE OF YOU KILLED BARNES. DID YOU SEE ANY OF THEM, JONES?

NO, SIR. I WAS IN THE KITCHEN THE ENTIRE TIME.

SERGEANT, WHAT ABOUT THE GLOVES?



THE MURDERER WORE WHITE GLOVES. IF YOU FIND THEM, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MURDERER.

YEP, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM GLOVES.



TOOLAN, MACULREADY, SEARCH THE HOUSE!

OKAY, SARGE!



TAKE OFF YOUR COATS. NEVER CAN TELL WHAT MAY BE HIDDEN IN THE LINING. EVERYONE MUST BE SEARCHED.

I'M INNOCENT. WHY SHOULD I BE SEARCHED?

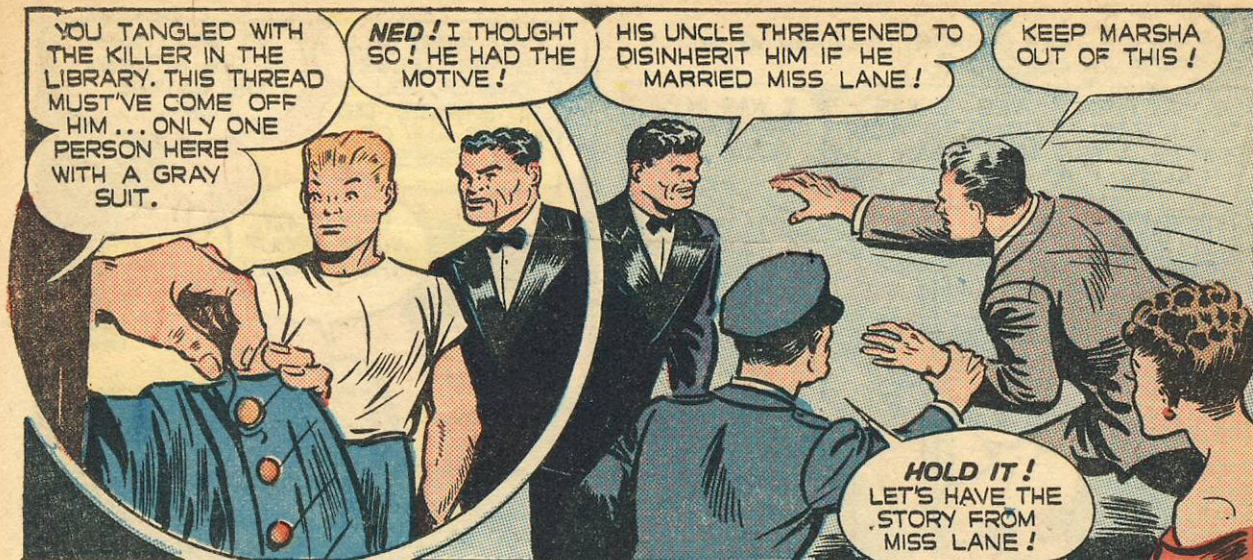
WHAT GOES FOR ONE, GOES FOR ALL, DUNSTEAD.

A THOROUGH SEARCH FAILS TO TURN UP THE WHITE GLOVES BUT, AS KIT STARTS TO PUT ON HIS COAT...



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT GRAY THREAD?

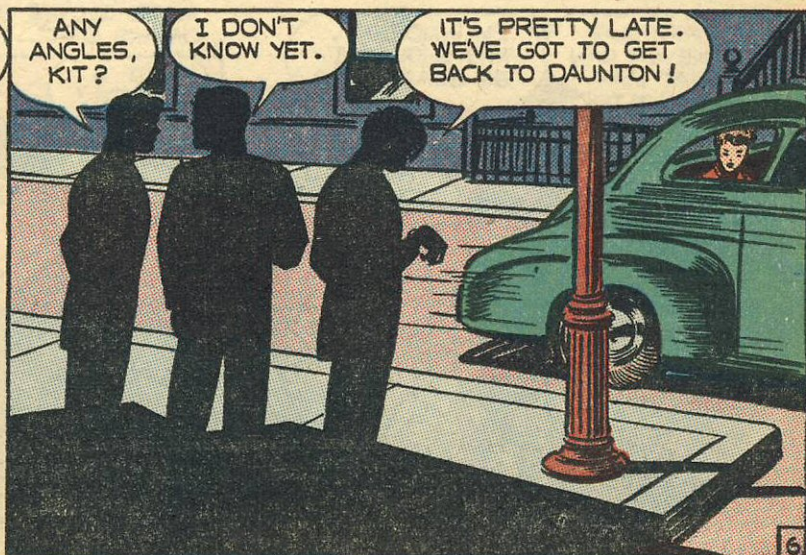
GRAY... HUH?



UNDER THE SERGEANT'S PRODDING, MARSHA BREAKS.



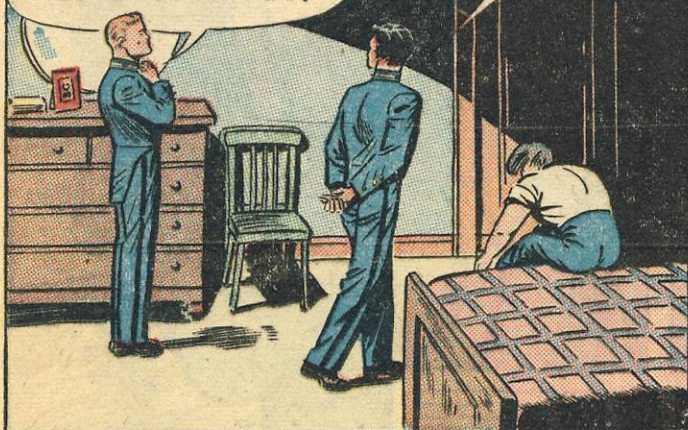
A HALF-HOUR LATER, AT HEAD-QUARTERS.



BACK AT DAUNTON...

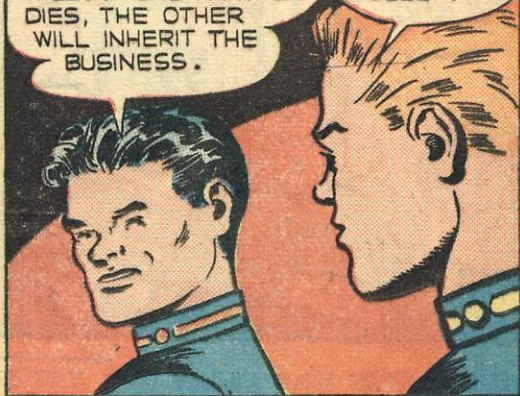
LARRY, WHO ELSE COULD HAVE A MOTIVE FOR KILLING YOUR UNCLE?

DUNSTEAD'S MY UNCLE'S BUSINESS PARTNER, AND...



LAST WEEK I HEARD DUNSTEAD AND MY UNCLE TALKING TO THEIR LAWYER ABOUT A MUTUAL BENEFIT WILL. IF ONE PARTNER DIES, THE OTHER WILL INHERIT THE BUSINESS.

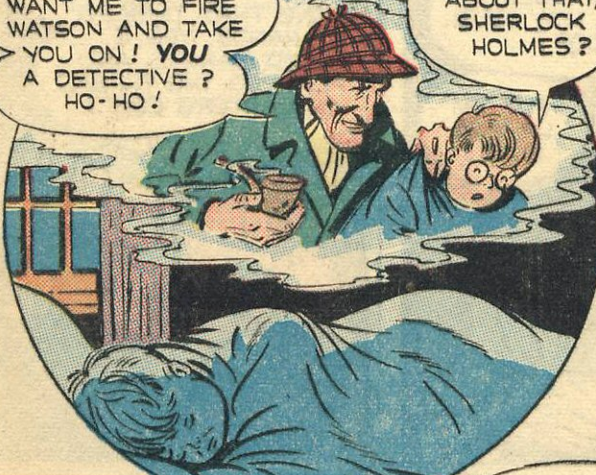
A MOTIVE, ALL RIGHT! BUT NOW WE NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP.



BUT NIGHTMARES HAUNT THEM.

HO-HO! SO YOU WANT ME TO FIRE WATSON AND TAKE YOU ON! YOU A DETECTIVE? HO-HO!

WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT, SHERLOCK HOLMES?



WHITE GLOVES-- WHITE GLOVES - THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!



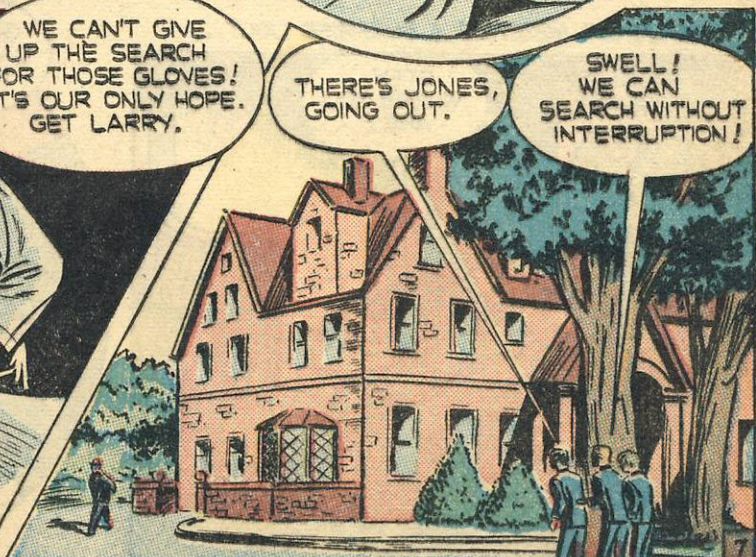
SUDDENLY, KIT JUMPS OUT OF BED AND AWAKENS DAN.

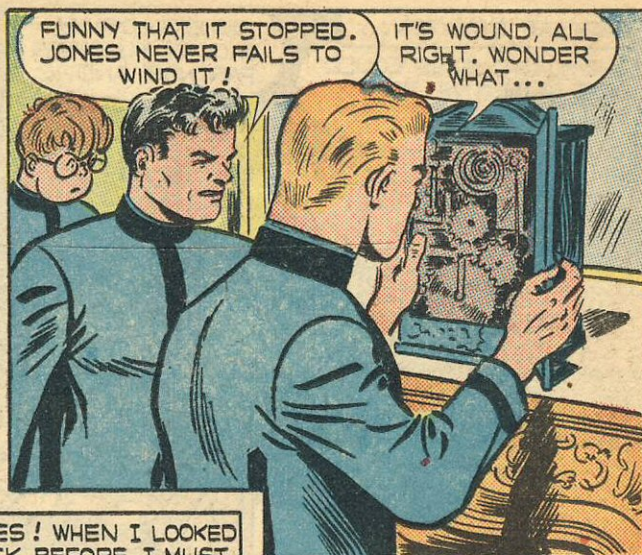
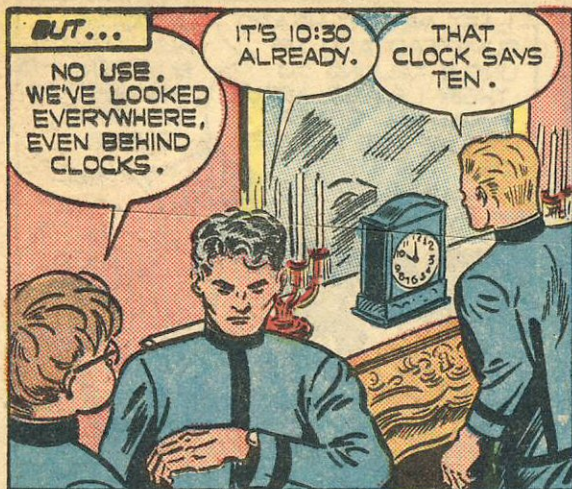
WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE CAN'T GIVE UP THE SEARCH FOR THOSE GLOVES! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE. GET LARRY.

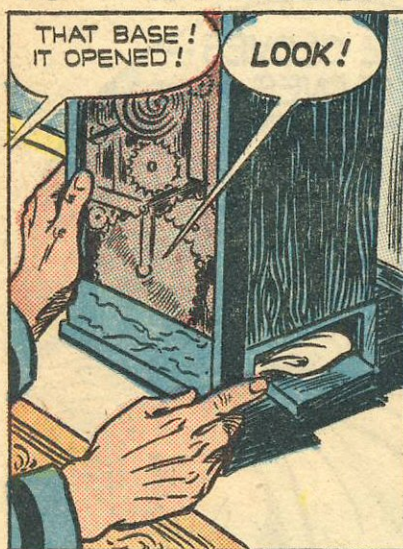
THERE'S JONES, GOING OUT.

SWELL! WE CAN SEARCH WITHOUT INTERRUPTION!





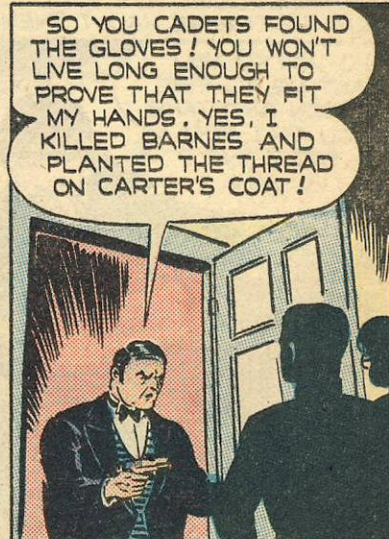
KIT'S FINGERS MOVE NIMBLY OVER THE CLOCK. SUDDENLY...



THE GLOVES! WHEN I LOOKED IN THE CLOCK BEFORE, I MUST HAVE MOVED IT... AND ONE OF THE GLOVES MOVED, TOO, AND CAUGHT IN THE WHEEL THAT PROJECTS UNDERNEATH. NOW WE'VE GOT PROOF!



PUT 'EM UP, WISE GUYS!



SO YOU CADETS FOUND THE GLOVES! YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO PROVE THAT THEY FIT MY HANDS. YES, I KILLED BARNES AND PLANTED THE THREAD ON CARTER'S COAT!

...AS JONES RECEIVES A SURPRISE JOLT...



STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



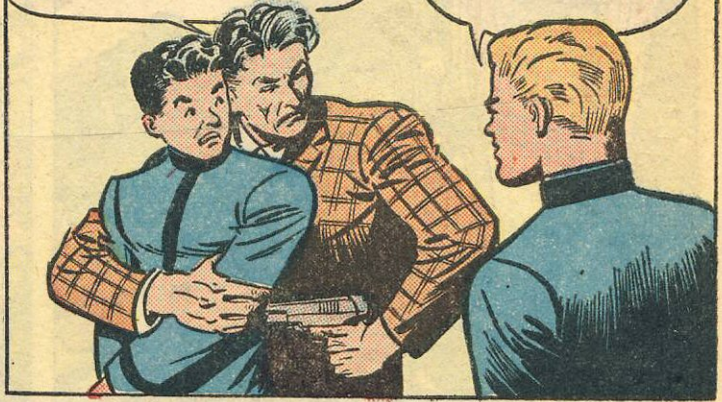
GOOD WORK, DAN... I'VE GOT THE GUNS!

BUT...



OKAY, KAYDET ! MAKE ONE MOVE, AND I POP YOUR PAL ! WHAT D'YA SAY ?

I CAN'T RISK LARRY'S LIFE ! IT'S YOUR ROUND.



AS KIT AND -DAN STAGGER TO THEIR FEET.

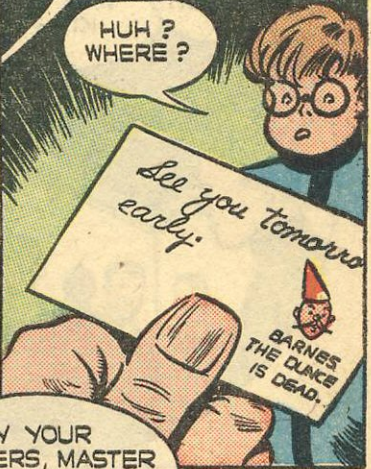


THEY GOT AWAY WITH LARRY ! WHERE DID THEY...

KIT.. LOOK.. THAT CARD !

WHEN I GRABBED JONES, I TORE HIS POCKET. THIS MUST HAVE DROPPED OUT ! WE'RE GOING PLACES !

HUH ? WHERE ?



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MASTER BARNES ! YOU'VE GOT ONLY A MINUTE !

EVERY ROUND'S OURS ! LET'S GET GOING !

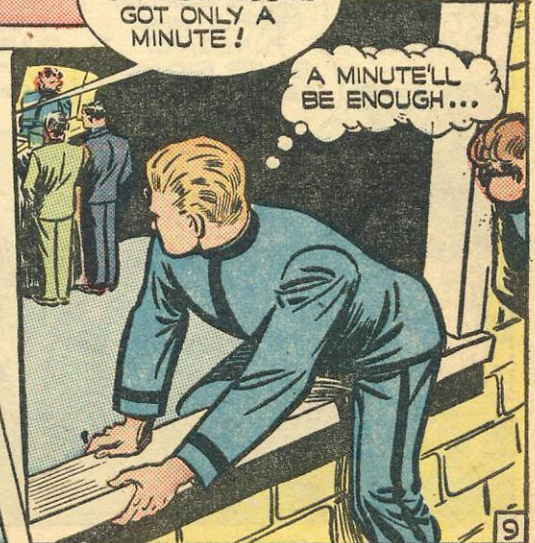


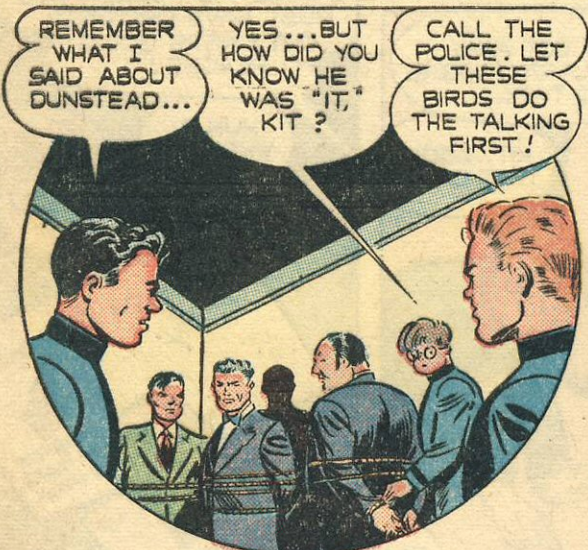
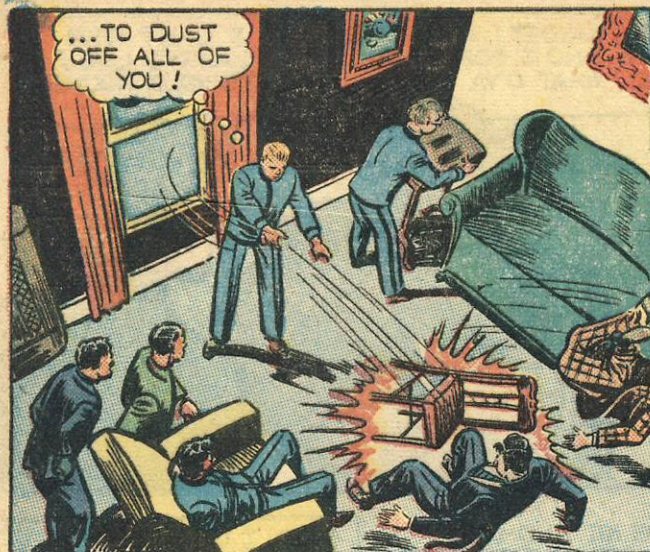
IN A SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, YOUNGSTER ! WE'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU... JONES, DO THE HONORS !



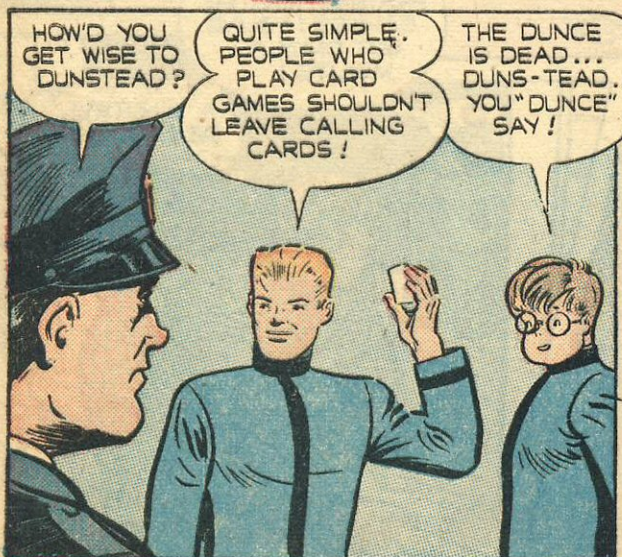
A MINUTE'LL BE ENOUGH...





SWIFT SECONDS LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE... FOR A CONFESSION!

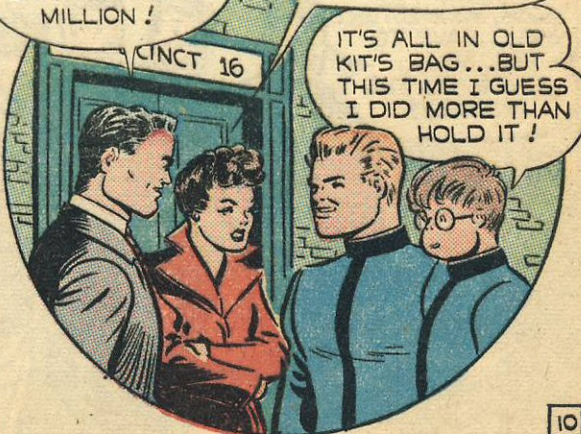
I'VE EMBEZZLED LARGE SUMS FROM BARNES'S PERSONAL ESTATE, AND I WAS AFRAID OF BEING FOUND OUT. I INTRODUCED HIM TO THE MURDER GAME... AND PAID JONES WELL TO TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR ME.



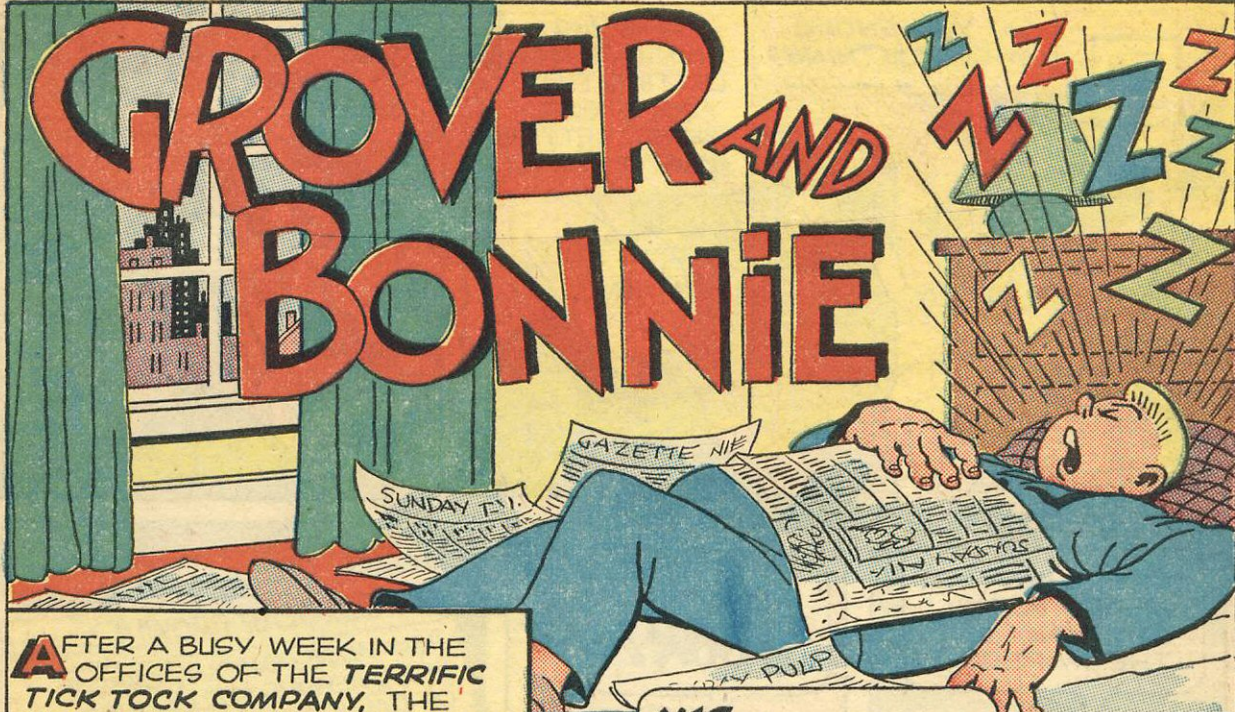
AND STILL LATER...

LARRY TOLD ME WHAT YOU BOYS DID. THANKS A MILLION!

AND THAT'S HARDLY ENOUGH FOR SAVING NED. YOU CADETS ARE WONDERFUL!



GROVER AND BONNIE



AFTER A BUSY WEEK IN THE OFFICES OF THE **TERRIFIC TICK TOCK COMPANY**, THE **CLUMPS-- BONNIE AND GROVER** ARE SPENDING A RESTFUL QUIET SUNDAY AT HOME! IT **WAS** QUIET UNTIL----

YES, MR. GRENITCH!
IT'S A **GREAT IDEA--**
MAKE A MILLION--!

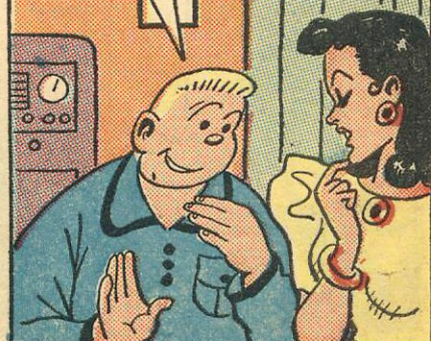
GROVER!
WAKE UP!

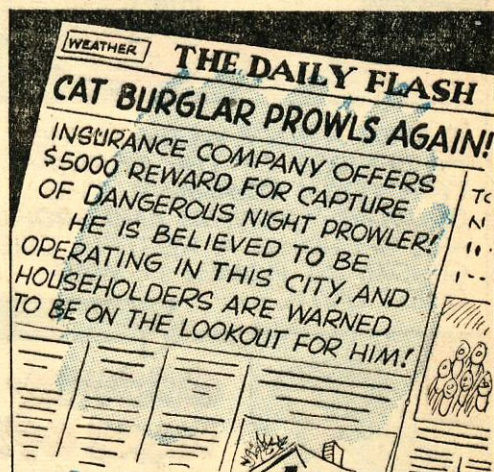
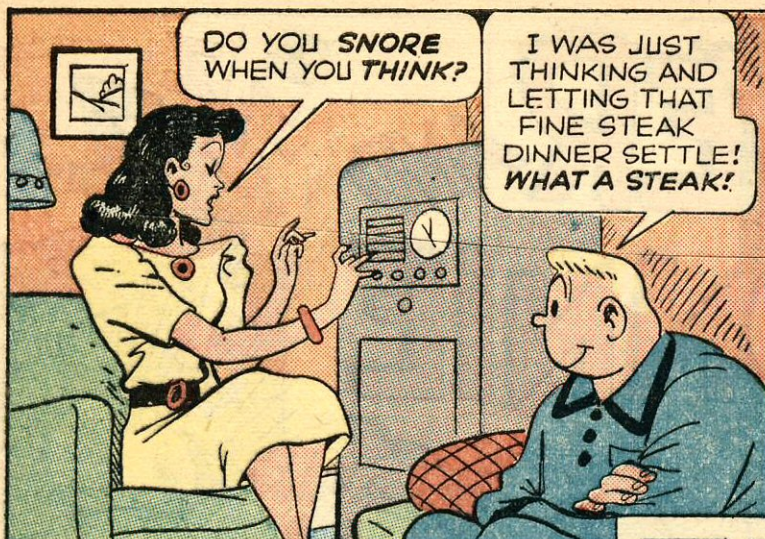
SLAM!

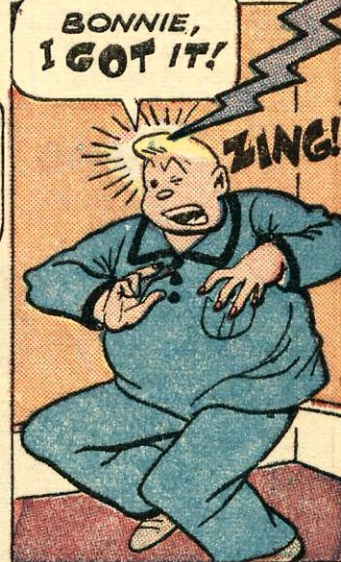
I'LL HELLO BONNIE
YOU! LOOK AT THIS
ROOM! LOOKS LIKE
A **WHIRLING DERVISH**
HAD GOT MIXED UP
IN A **SCRAP PAPER**
DRIVE!

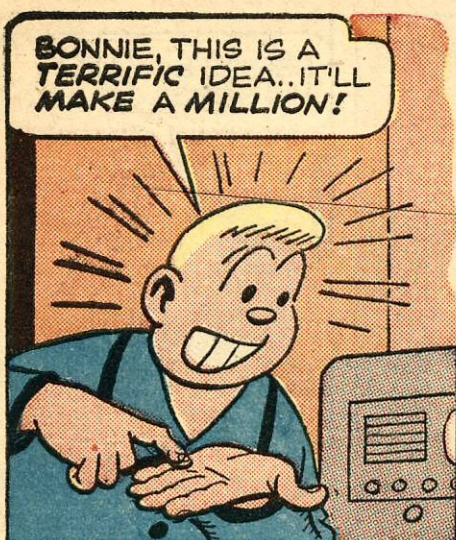
OH, HELLO,
BONNIE!

AH, NOW, BONNIE,
I WASN'T **ASLEEP--**
I WAS THINKING----





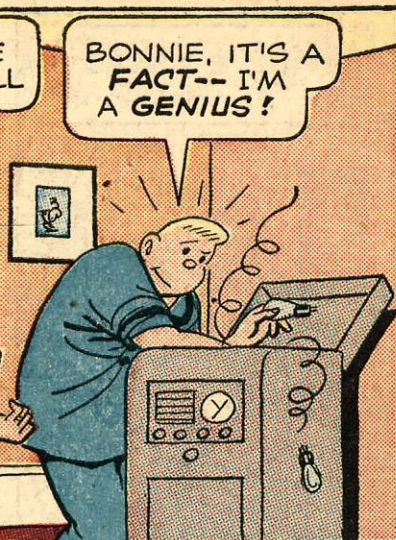




BONNIE, THIS IS A **TERRIFIC** IDEA..IT'LL **MAKE A MILLION!**



YOUR DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME----!



BONNIE, IT'S A **FACT--** I'M A **GENIUS!**



AND SO **MODEST**, TOO! ALL RIGHT, **GENIUS**, WHAT'S YOUR IDEA **THIS** TIME?

A **SIMPLIFIED**, **MAGIC**, **RADIO** **CLOCK!**



NOW HE'S A **MAGICIAN!** THERE'S NO **LIMIT** TO HIS **TALENTS!**

TERRIFIC **TICK TOCK'S** **MAGIC** **RADIO** **CLOCK...** WHERE'S MY **TOOL** **KIT?**



WAIT A **MINUTE!** YOU AREN'T DOING ANY **TINKERING** **NOW!** WE ARE GOING TO THE **MOVIES!**

A **MILLION** **DOLLARS** IN MY HANDS, AND YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE **MOVIES?** STAND ASIDE--WOMAN--THERE IS **WORK** TO BE **DONE!**



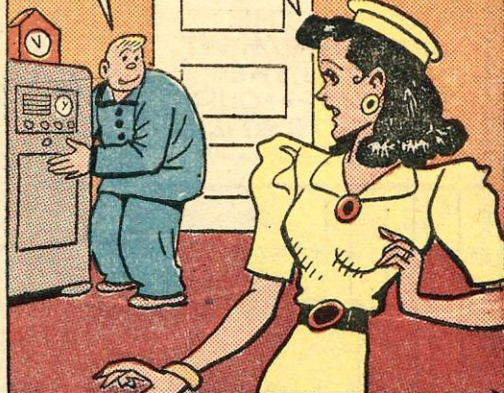
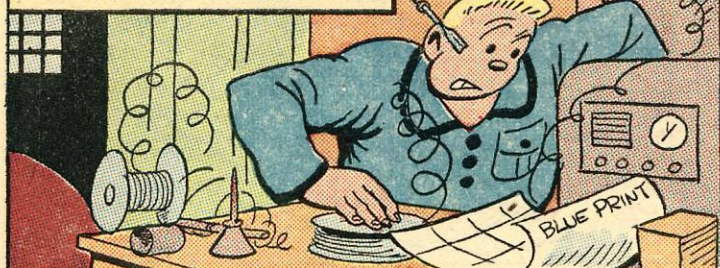
GOOD-BYE, **GENIUS!** I'M GOING TO THE **MOVIES** ALONE--- AND--I **HOPE** A **SAILOR** **WHISTLES** AT ME!

HOURS HAVE TICKED BY---BONNIE SAT THROUGH TWO LOVER MALONE PICTURES-- AND OUR BUDDING GENIUS WORKED AND WORKED AND WORKED ---AND WORKED!

THIS THING HAS MORE WIRES THAN THE WESTERN UNION! --BUT YOU CAN'T STUMP A CLUMP!

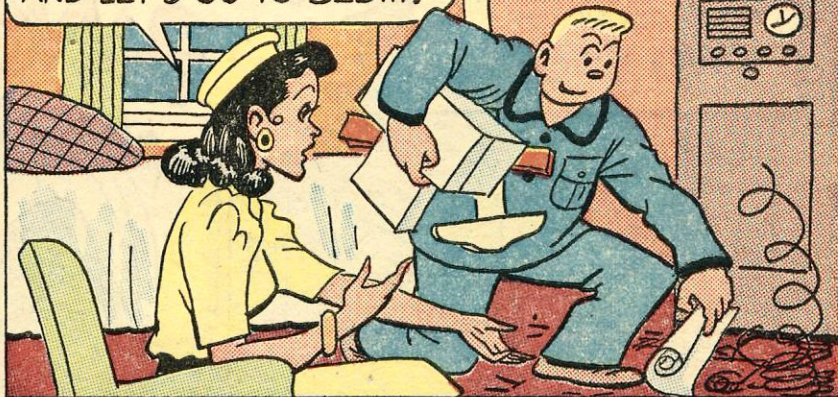
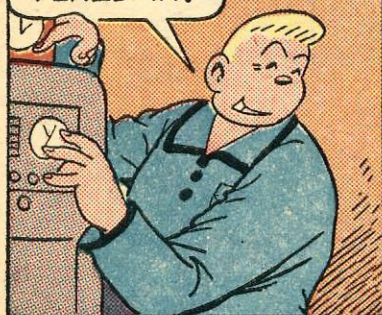
IT'S **FINISHED!**

AND SO ARE **YOU** IF THAT RADIO DOESN'T WORK!



IT'LL **WORK** ALL RIGHT! AND NO MORE MISSED PROGRAMS--JUST SET THE MAGIC RADIO CLOCK --PLUG IT IN---AND YOUR **FAVORITE** RADIO PROGRAM IS **AUTOMATICALLY** TUNED IN!

WHY I HAD TO MARRY A **MICKEY MOUSE** WHEN **LOVER MALONE** WAS STILL **SINGLE**--COME ON, CLEAN UP THE MESS YOU'VE MADE AND LET'S GO TO BED...!



....**A**ND SO THE CLUMPS SLUMBER--DEEP IN DREAMS.. OF MILLIONS AND MOVIE HEROES ...BUT, **LOOK!** ON THE FIRE - ESCAPE OUTSIDE THEIR WINDOW.....



WHO IS THIS DARK FIGURE? COULD IT BE THE **THE CAT BURGLAR?** HE'S ENTERING THE **CLUMP APARTMENT** ---AND IN THE BEDROOM ---OUR **INNOCENTS STILL SLUMBER---**!

NOW, BERTIE, LOVER--YOU BOYS MUSN'T FIGHT OVER LITTLE ME!

SHAME TO *DISTURB* THEM, ISN'T IT? BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE FRONT ROOM COMES THE SOUND OF **TWO SHOTS!**

BANG!
BANG!

AT LAST I'VE **GOT YOU!** STAND WHERE YOU ARE OR THE NEXT SHOT WILL BE THROUGH YOUR **HEAD!**

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY! **LINE UP OUT HERE!**

GROVER, DOES HE MEAN **US?**

THERE AIN'T ANYONE **ELSE** IN HERE!



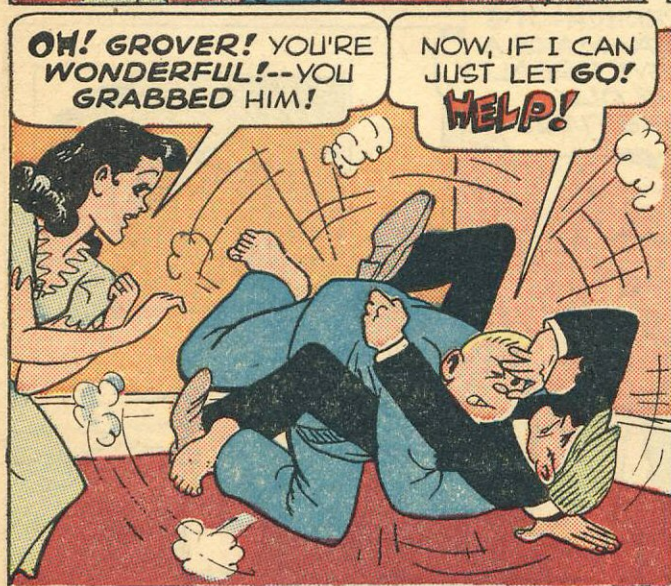
...AND, NOW, JUST BEFORE THE FINAL CHAPTER OF OUR LATE NIGHT HORROR PROGRAM--
"MURDER! MURDER!"---
HERE'S A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR!



WELL, I'LL BE---IT WAS THE RADIO!

BONNIE-- MY MAGIC RADIO WORKS! IT TURNED ON THE RADIO!

GROVER-- THAT MAN! IT'S THE CAT BURGLAR! GET HIM!



OH! GROVER! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!--YOU GRABBED HIM!

NOW, IF I CAN JUST LET GO!
HELP!



HOLD HIM, GROVER! I'LL HELP!



BONNIE--WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANYWAY?

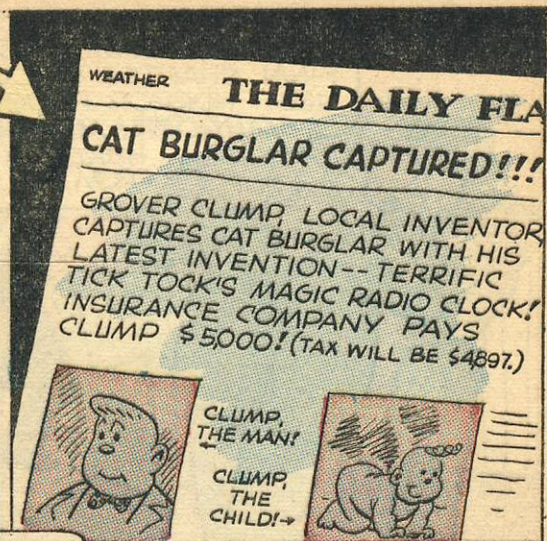


WHAT'S GOING ON HERE--THE NEIGHBORS ARE COMPLAININ'!

LOOK!
THE CAT BURGLAR!



IT'S MONDAY MORNING NOW, AND ON EVERY STREET CORNER, NEWSBOYS ARE SELLING AN EXTRA THAT SAYS---



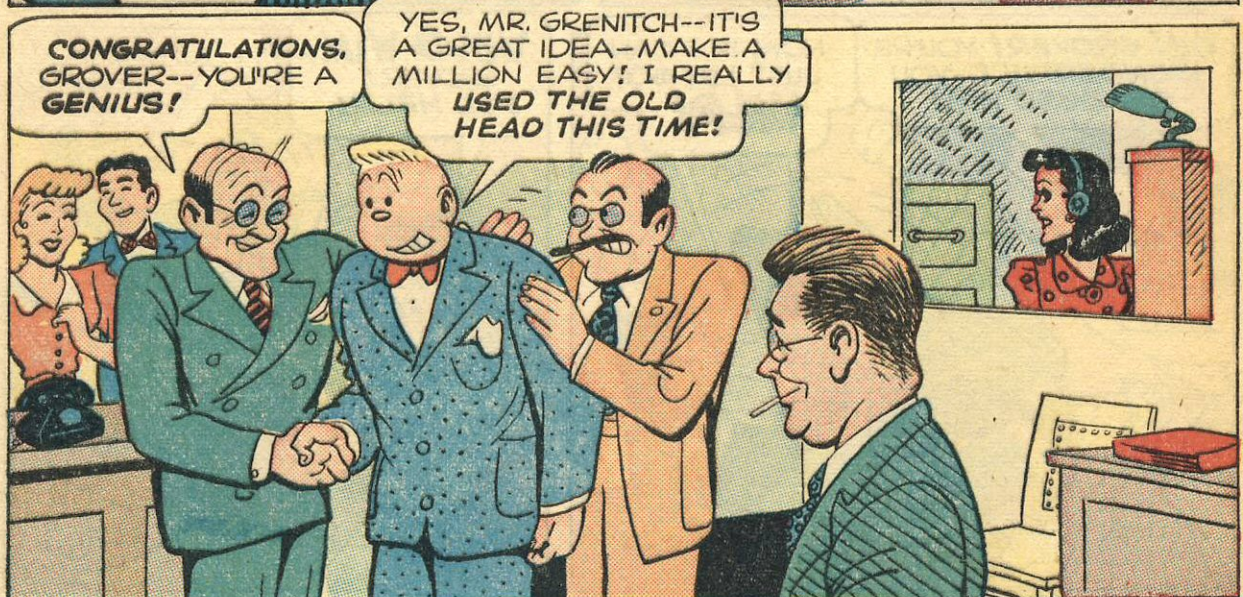
WEATHER
THE DAILY FLA
CAT BURGLAR CAPTURED!!!

GROVER CLUMP, LOCAL INVENTOR CAPTURES CAT BURGLAR WITH HIS LATEST INVENTION-- TERRIFIC TICK TOCK'S MAGIC RADIO CLOCK! INSURANCE COMPANY PAYS CLUMP \$5000! (TAX WILL BE \$4897.)



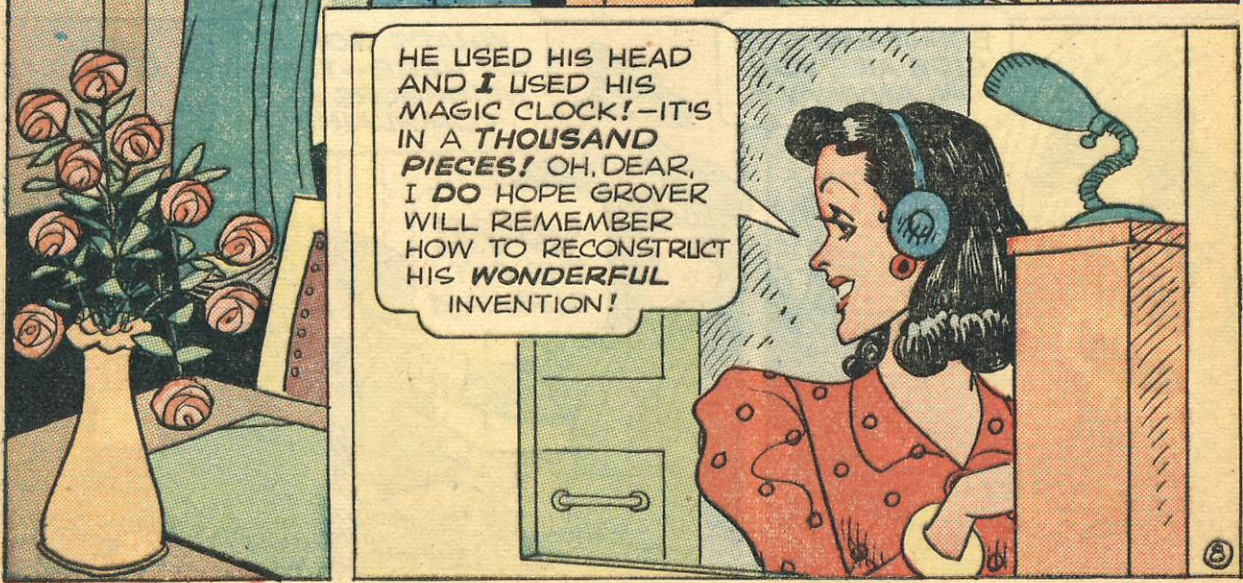
CLUMP, THE MAN!

CLUMP, THE CHILD!→



CONGRATULATIONS, GROVER-- YOU'RE A GENIUS!

YES, MR. GRENITCH-- IT'S A GREAT IDEA-- MAKE A MILLION EASY! I REALLY USED THE OLD HEAD THIS TIME!



HE USED HIS HEAD AND I USED HIS MAGIC CLOCK!-- IT'S IN A THOUSAND PIECES! OH, DEAR, I DO HOPE GROVER WILL REMEMBER HOW TO RECONSTRUCT HIS WONDERFUL INVENTION!

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What a book!—244 pages, with many pictures of Baseball's greatest stars. What's more—Joe has written one whole section telling his own secrets of winning the game!

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OF BIG LEAGUE
BASEBALL WITH
34 PHOTOS OF
STARS.

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The Third Year
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Hitting and Fielding
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Please rush me at once "LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE" by Joe DiMaggio, in
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4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
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Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled Leather Billfold with
Pass Case to hold membership
and credit cards. Patented
snap feature locks securely
so currency and valuables
can't fall out.



Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

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IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILLFOLD**
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Your Permanent
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and Social Security Tag

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PASS
LEAVES

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
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VALUE

Smart
STYLING



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Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
Handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.



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RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

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☐ Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Coin Holder, genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

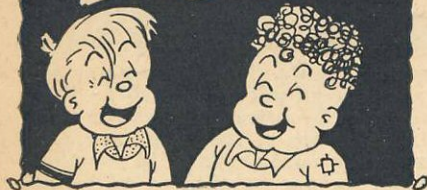
☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37).

© Social Security No. _____

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

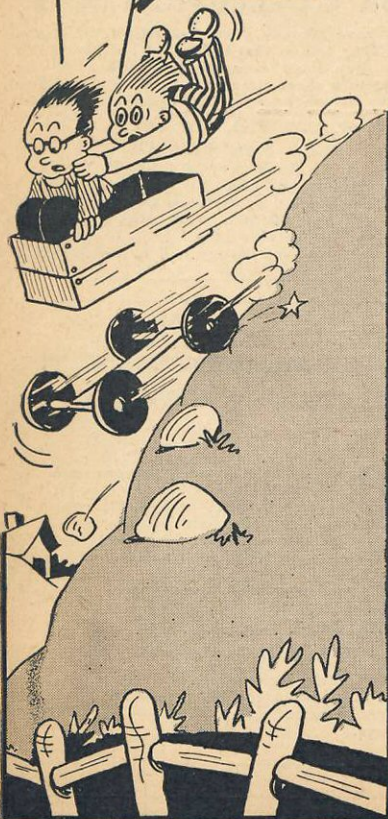
SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

4 MOST FUN



I WONDER HOW THEY GET WATER IN WATERMELONS?

BY PLANTING THEM IN THE SPRING, OF COURSE!



GEE, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BUMP ON YOUR FOREHEAD?

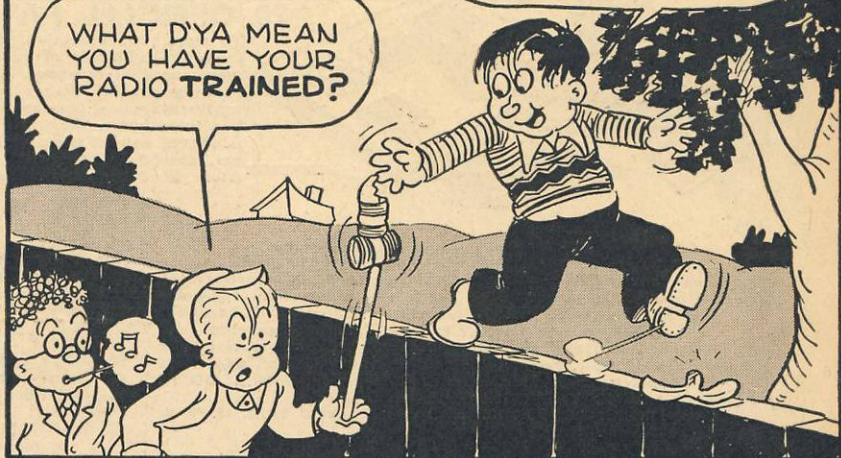
THAT'S WHERE A THOUGHT STRUCK ME !!!

VERY INTERESTIN'!



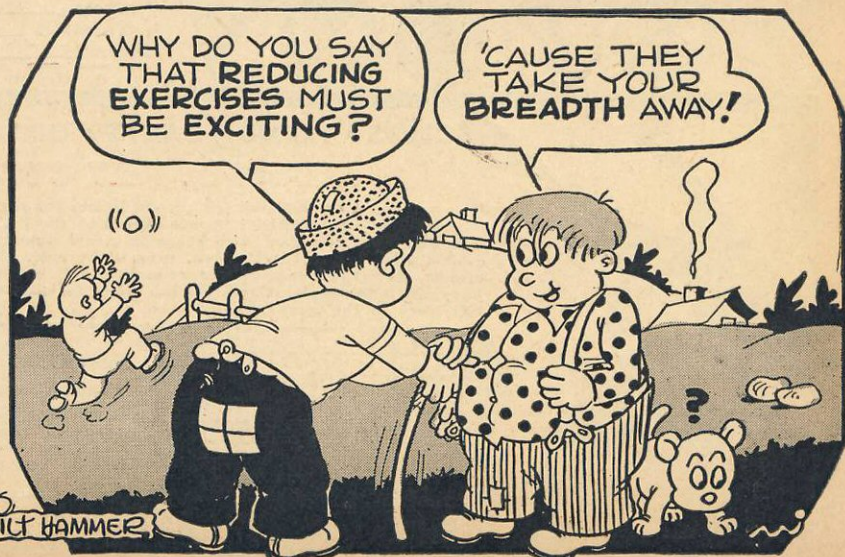
IT WHISTLES AT EVERY STATION !!

WHAT D'YA MEAN YOU HAVE YOUR RADIO TRAINED?



WHY DO YOU SAY THAT REDUCING EXERCISES MUST BE EXCITING?

'CAUSE THEY TAKE YOUR BREADTH AWAY!



MILT HAMMER

RARE ARMY PATCH

ATOM
BOMB

GERMAN
GENERAL
STAFF

FREE

WITH YOUR ORDER*

ATOM BOMB PATCH GERMAN GENERAL STAFF PATCH

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R	Size	Price	Size	Price
PLAIN BLOCK	1 in.	8c ea.	5 in.	16c ea.
	2 in.	10c ea.	6 in.	20c ea.
	3 in.	12c ea.	7 in.	24c ea.
	4 in.	14c ea.	8 in.	30c ea.

M	Size	Price	Size	Price
FULL BLOCK	1 in.	9c ea.	5 in.	17c ea.
	2 in.	11c ea.	6 in.	22c ea.
	3 in.	13c ea.	7 in.	26c ea.
	4 in.	15c ea.	8 in.	30c ea.

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